

Z E U M A:
OR THE
LOVE of LIBERTY.
A
P O E M.

IN THREE BOOKS.

By JAMES RALPH.

*Ecce Parens verus Patriæ, dignissimus Aris,
Roma, tuis! —————* LUCAN.

The *Love of Liberty* with Life is giv'n,
And Life it self the inferiour Gift of Heav'n.

DRYDEN.

L O N D O N :

Printed by C. Ackers, for S. BILLINGSLEY at the Judge's-
Head in Chancery-Lane. 1729. [Price 2s.]

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FOR THE



Love of Liberty

A

POPE M.

In THREE BOOKS.

By JAMES RALPH H.

For Boston and New York, by the author.

The Love of Liberty with Life is giving
And life is full the interior of Heaven.
Dedicated

L O V E D O W N :

Printed by C. A. Kent, for S. B. Linscott, at the New York
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To His GRACE the
Duke of *NEWCASTLE*.

My LORD,



*HIS Poem, on the LOVE of
LIBERTY, was dedicated,
with all imaginable respect,
to the late Earl of LINCOLN, at the
beginning of his illness, and being tim'd
so unhappily, could not be honour'd with
his favour. ---- The melancholy situa-
tion of the family now, in tears and*

DEDICATION.

mourning for the loss of so tender a husband, and so kind a father, will not admit of any entertainment the Muse can offer, unless suited to their sorrow, and sacred to the memory of their illustrious Lord. For which reason I was the rather induc'd to lay this at your Grace's feet, and desire that protection of you, which death has prevented in him.

EXCEPT his Lady, and descendants, you are his nearest relation, and was his dearest friend; you are remarkable for an equal zeal in the cause of LI-

BERTY,

DEDICATION.

BERTY, and the publick good; you inherit all those virtues that distinguish'd him even more than his nobility, and with the utmost sincerity bewail his loss.---To you, then, and to his honour'd memory, this Poem is, with all humility, address'd; in confidence that, for his sake, it's errors will be forgiven, and that, as 'tis sacred to him, it will be dear to you. I am,

With the highest Zeal and Respect,

My LORD,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most Obedient faithful humble Servant,

J. RALPH.

DEDICATION

... and the public good: You in-
heart all those who are distinguished
him even more than his nobility; and
with the utmost sincerity, because his
loss. -- To you, then, and to his honour, I
memory, this Poem is with affectionately
addressed; in confidence that, for his
sake, its errors will be forgiven, and
that, as its subject to him, it will be

dear to you. I am,

With the highest Al and Respect,

MY LORD,

Your Obedient

Most Obedient humble servant,

J. RAIPIN.

T O
The RIGHT HONOURABLE

H E N R Y,

*Earl of Lincoln, and Knight of the most
noble Order of the Garter.*

My LORD,

P **O E T S** have an ancient
claim to the protection of
the great and good, and
tis in that view I presume to
address

DEDICATION.

address this trifle to your *Lordship*: the subject, I have reason to believe, is dear to you; you have, in the most eminent manner, sacrific'd your interest in its defence, and would, on the same principles, have dy'd a martyr in its cause, if so valuable a life had been demanded to save your country: I honour such a character, and think the greatest names of antiquity inferiour; TIMOLEON, BRUTUS, and a very few more excepted. 'Tis too late now to beg pardon for a freedom of this nature, neither am I inclinable to do so; virtue demands our admiration, and they who are friends to the *Publick* should be the patrons of the *Muse*: a Dedication to any other can no more

DEDICATION.

more make him illustrious, or recommend its author, than merit like your *Lordship's* can stand in need of a Dedication: such a compliment to you, is like the reflection of the sun from a mirrour, needless to improve its lustre, or augment its heat; 'tis my fortune to hold one to your perfections, but I must confess to the infinite disadvantage of the original. What I offer indeed is, like the *Peasants* bowl of water to the *Persian King*, an instance of respect, of the homage that is due to goodness, trifling, yet just, and the utmost in my power to give. Not even retirement can secure you from this ungrateful popularity, virtue is grown eminent by its scarcity, and looks even yet too amiable to shun our
a court-

DEDICATION.

courtship; would your *Lordship* be deliver'd from such applications as these, forego your good qualities, and make all the world alike. But as the essence of virtue is unalterable, and eternal, so is yours; and when the present ROYAL HOUSE grows an enemy to LIBERTY, or the *Chevalier de St. George* becomes the champion in its cause, I shall expect the change.

Your *Lordship*, on the sight of a Dedication, 'tis possible began to blush, was afraid of the consequence, expected flattery, daubing, nonsense; it must be so where the character is imaginary, but where the character is real, the danger is imaginary. No, my Lord, I am a lover

DEDICATION.

lover of LIBERTY, have been so free as
to honour this poem with your name,
but scorn a protection where flattery,
and cringe are the only recommenda-
tions, or are even necessary to keep
the author in countenance, when he
should be desir'd to give a detail of his
patron's virtues. I am not conscious
of even insinuating any thing be-
yond your *Lordship's* just reputation;
but, on the contrary, am afraid that all
I have mention'd will be esteem'd une-
qual to the merit of a single deed: to
have refus'd honours, offices, treasures,
at a time when they were most needed,
and for the sake of your country too,
is what very few, beside your self, can
boast, and effectually prove, that no
one can possibly be a sincerer Lover of
LI-

DEDICATION.

LIBERTY, or a greater friend to
the *Publick Good*.

I am, with all possible Respect,

My LORD,

Your Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. Ralph.

Errat. Page 117. line 13. add know.



P R E F A C E.



TH E *American History* is now so generally known, that 'tis almost impertinent to attempt a particular account of it; yet, for the sake of those who may be still strangers to it, as well as the better understanding of the following *Poem*, I must take the liberty to observe, that 'tis now about two hundred and thirty years since that prodigious Continent, which is now call'd *America*, was discover'd by *Christopher Columbus*, a native of *Genoa*, who, after a fruitless application (by his brother) to the Court of *England*, made a journey, in person, to that of *Spain*, and, with great importunity, obtain'd a few ships to prosecute his hazardous enterprize. He sail'd so long without success, that his companions

b

mutiny'd

mutiny'd, and form'd a conspiracy against him; however, with the hope of future advantages, he lur'd them still further on, 'till the long-expected land appear'd.--Some years after this, *Americus Vesputius*, a *Florentine*, made the same voyage, with equal success; and 'tis from him that huge territory takes it's name; with very great injustice indeed, since the first discoverer infinitely better deserv'd that honour.---The *Spaniards*, 'tis true, have, without a rival, enjoy'd the benefit of their acquisitions there; tho' their natural pride, and laziness have admitted their neighbours in *Europe*, of late, to more than a share in the returns: for, their government being too arbitrary, and tyrannical to invite strangers to settle among them; and their youth being impell'd by ambition, and avarice to forsake *Spain*, for *Mexico*, and *Peru*; there has been a continual drain of their inhabitants from home, and consequently their trade has diminish'd, or fallen into more industrious hands.

WHEN *Columbus* and his colony had been effectually settled, and the advantages of his discovery

discovery made more manifest, fleets were perpetually sent over, and new plantations begun ; 'till at last, thinking themselves sufficiently strong to force the *Indians* from their possessions (who had hitherto been treated with some kindness and humanity) they began such a scene of cruelty and oppression, as no age, or conquest can parallel. In the midst of this, *Ferdinand Cortex*, then a soldier of fortune, arriv'd, and, by a surprising piece of dexterity, and good management, made himself absolute master of a body of forces, which was rais'd for carrying on their usual barbarities: with these (neglecting the before-intended expedition) he sail'd towards the provinces of *Mexico* ; and, landing on the borders of that extensive empire, made his way thro' a variety of nations, with inexpressible toil, and danger. -- In his march, partly by force, and partly by stratagem, he form'd an alliance with the people of *Tlaxcalla* ; a nation that had ever been tenacious of their liberties, and irreconcilable enemies to the *Mexicans* : with these he considerably increas'd his army, and 'twas, in a great measure, by their assistance he conquer'd that stubborn nation, and reduc'd their

city. The most remarkable incidents at the siege, and the conquest of *Peru*, (under *Pizarro* and *Almagro*) are mention'd in the second book of this poem; consequently need not be anticipated here. When the last was thought to be wholly subdu'd, the *Spaniards* were resolv'd on extending their conquests; and, for that purpose, ventur'd into *Chili* over that prodigious chain of mountains that divides the two kingdoms; and, afterwards, return'd thro' the sandy desert, which extends it self, from the utmost limit of this amazing land-mark for upwards of sixty miles, according to the computation of some authors.

I BELIEVE this sketch of *History* will be sufficient to give an idea of the *Poem*; and, as it has no further dependance on facts, the abridgment may be ended here -- I shall only add therefore, that I have taken the freedom to deviate a little from the simplicity of manners, which the *Indians* are so remarkable for; because every one knows such a people, without some improvement, would make but a very indifferent figure in poetry. -- Should any one object

P R E F A C E.

v

ect that I need not have laid the scene in so remote a country, or chose such *Barbarians* for my *Heroes*; I answer, there is scarce any known story among the ancient *Greeks*, or *Romans*, but what is already exhausted, either in prose, or verse; consequently another entertainment of the same nature, would have wanted it's due relish; and any obscure one, even among them, would be as liable to execption as this. Beside, 'tis to be presum'd that an *Indian* history may prove as effectual to fix the reader's attention, as any other; to awaken, and confirm his *Love of Liberty*, even better, when 'tis consider'd that those whom we esteem *Savages* could dye in it's defence; to entertain, and divert by the novelty of it's scenes; and, in short, to prevent any mischievous writer's drawing parallels to the authors disadvantage.

As for the *Subject* it self, it is so far from needing an apology, especially to such an age as this, that it almost gives a credit to the person who attempts it; and, however imperfect this performance may appear, I am sure of the favour, and indulgence of my country-men,
(whose

(whose peculiar glory it is among all the nations of *Europe*, to be strenuous asserters of *Liberty*) since any thing which tends in the least to promote so great, and generous a sentiment, cannot fail of being encourag'd accordingly.



ARGU-

ARGUMENT of the First Book.

the introduction. A description of the mountains, and desert — which are the boundaries of Peru, and Chili. The intention of the Spaniards of adding the last to their conquests. The character of Zeuma, one of it's kings. His conversation with his guardian-genius in the disguise of a hermit. He is shown, in vision, the Spanish fleets arriving on the coast, and the misery that follows. He prepares for a defence, and encamps, with his army, in view of his enemies. The country describ'd as it was before the war. Preparations, on both sides, for a battle. Zeuma's speech to his soldiers. The battle. Zeuma's defeat, and escape to his capital. The arrival of Ogdar, a favorite nobleman, who had been sent, at the beginning of the war, to employ assistance from a neighbouring king. He relates his success, and the loss of Zirene, a princess betroth'd to Zeuma.

ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

Zeuma's distress for the loss of his mistress, and the aid he expected. An ancient temple describ'd, as it was, while us'd for human sacrifices, and afterwards reform'd by Zeuma. His retirement thither. The appearance of his guardian angel, who advises him to persevere in his duty, and trust in the gods, recounts the fall of the Mexican and Peruvian empires, explains his own character, and disappears. Ogdar contrives to free Zirene, and, with all the forces he could raise, attacks the Spanish army by mid-night, and delivers her: but labouring to secure the rear, is kill'd. Zeuma, taking the cool air of the morning, discovers the party that convey'd Zirene from the battle. Their meeting, and the general joy it occasions. Their nuptials interrupted by a message from the Spaniards, redemanding their captive, and proposing peace as an equivalent. Zeuma offers to surrender her for the sake of his country, but is oppos'd by Ogdar's father. The people join with him, and the marriage is completed.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

The picture of an happy marriage, oppos'd to that of Zeuma. The general sorrow, and consternation that seem'd to influence every prospect in nature. The news of Almagro the Spanish general's approach. Zeuma's preparation for the ensuing battle. His mourning over Zirene, and third conversation with his guardian-genius again disguis'd like a Hermit, who asserts the justice of heav'n by a future state of rewards and punishments; and brings down his father's ghost to give him a prospect of both. The first describ'd together with it's inhabitants, particularly those valiant, and virtuous Kings who by their good deeds deserv'd such happiness. The miserable condition of Tyrants, and the torments their cruelty had occasion'd. The ghost advises him to endeavour at the one and avoid the other. Zeuma awakes; the Hermit discovers himself and disappears. The armies prepare for battle. The parting of Zeuma and Zirene. Zeuma's defeat, and death.

ERRATA.

BOOK I. page 4, line 13, for *turns* read *tune*. p. 6, l. 8, at the end add *on*. *ibid.* l. 9, dele *on*. p. 30, l. 6, f. *vian* r. *vain*. B. II. p. 53, l. 10, add *acoful* to *silence*. B. III. p. 93, l. 11, f. *glimpes* r. *glimpse*. p. 110, l. 6, dele *gen'ral*. p. 113, l. 6, f. *bore* r. *brow*.

ZEUMA:



Z E U M A:

OR THE

LOVE of LIBERTY.

Book the First.



IS hard for man, bewilder'd in a
maze

Of doubtful reas'nings, to assign
the cause

Why heav'n's all-ruling pow'r, supremely just

And good, shou'd give *Iberia's* cruel sons.

B

Un-

Unbounded leave to travel o'er the globe,
 And search remotest climes; to stretch their
 sway

Thro' all the *western world*; to exile *Peace*
 And *Liberty*, with all their train of joys
 From the afflicted lands; and proudly vex
 Th' unhappy nations with oppressive rule.

— In ages past, as time revolv'd the year,
 'Twas all a round of innocent delights :
 The fearless *Natives* rarely heard of war
 And its destructive ills; *Famine, Disease*,
 And all the various plagues of other realms,
 Were there unknown : life was a constant scene
 Of harmless pleasures; and, when full of days,
 The woodland-hunter and the toiling swain,
 Like ripen'd fruit that, in the midnight shade,

Drops

Drops from the bough, in peace and silence
 sunk

Into the grave. But when the *Spanish* troops,
 In search of plunder, crowded on the shore,
 And claim'd, by *right divine*, the sovereign rule,
 Another scene began; and all the woes,
 Mankind can suffer, took their turns to reign.
 Wide-raging slaughter crimson'd o'er the field,
 With streaming blood, and *Death* in triumph
 rang'd

Along the desolated waft; the light
 Of heav'n was conscious of such horrid crimes,
 As sicken human nature to relate,
 And make ev'n *Guilt* ashamed. The shades of
 night,
 Afforded only privilege to mourn

And *Sorrow* waited on the gloom: but in
 The midst of ruin the advent'rous tribes,
 With souls undaunted by approaching fate,
 Oppos'd their haughty inmates with a zeal
 Well worthy *Liberty*, and *Fame*; appear'd
 Their country's champions in the front of war,
 And dy'd by thousands for the publick good.

O *Zeuma*, thy immortal deeds remain,
 As deathless trophies, to inform mankind
 How princes should espouse their peoples cause;
 And what eternal glory's the reward
 Of virtue so sublime. O that like warmth
 May animate the muse, who ^{tunes} ~~tunes~~ her voice
 To *Liberty*, the best, the darling gift
 Of bounteous heaven! the joy of all mankind!

Beyond

Beyond the vast *Peruvian* realms, whose
wealth

Supports th' *Iberian* throne, and freights whole
fleets

To *Europe's* hostile strand ; a wond'rous ridge
Of cumb'rous hills, vast, huge, and pil'd abrupt,
Ascend above the clouds, and bound the view

From sky to sky ; aloft bleak *Winter* holds
Eternal reign, and from the mountain's brow,
All cover'd o'er with ice, and white with snow
Looks hideous down ; breaths out his chilling
gales,

And the sad *Wanderer* freezes to the ground,
A ghastly statue, with the dread of death,
Still grav'd upon his face ; sometimes he bids
The whirlwind rear, and with destruction wing'd

Impels

Impels it on the realms below, and oft,
 Affembling clouds on clouds, draws o'er the
 world.

A midnight darkness; and with sudden gush
 Pours down the rain in dreadful show'rs, and
 drowns
 The hope of harvest on the field. Where ends
 This rocky chain, succeeds a dreary length
 Of barren sands, torn up by ev'ry wind,
 And rowl'd in heaps, like the vext billows
 On the stormy main: around, a frightful, wild,
 And horrid prospect, tires the lab'ring eye
 In gazing for it's end. No vernal green
 E'er chears the yellow wast; no bubbling spring
 It's cooling azure rolls along; no rains,
 Nor kindly dews refresh the burning soil;

But

But *Nature* looks as crumbled into dust;
And *Ruin* sole possessor of the void.

Yet, on the steril desert's utmost verge,
And the rude mountain's skirt, the *Spaniards*
found
A land of plenty, where enliv'ning *Spring*
And fruitful *Autumn*, with alternate change,
Rejoyc'd the year; where wealth immense (the
hope
And end of all their execrable deeds,)
Was found in earth's dark womb, and ev'ry joy
Invited their abode. Such *Peru* was;
And when, subjected to their arms, it's tribes
Became the vassals of their pow'r, athwart
This ridge of mountains they pursu'd
Their way to conquest, and, in *Chili's* realms,
Resolv'd

Resolv'd to fix their arbitrary rule,
 Tho' *Death* in all it's horrid forms oppos'd
 Their common toil, and not a soul return'd
 In safety from the war. There *Zeuma* reign'd,
 A prince, who in the opening bloom of youth,
 Prefer'd his country's welfare to his own;
 Who, night and day, with an unwearied care,
 Employ'd his hours to benefit mankind,
 And study their content; who drew the sword
 With a reluctant hand; and, tho' 'twas just,
 With tears, bewail'd the miseries of war;
 Who liv'd his country's darling and defence,
 The boast of human nature, and the joy
 Of nations that rever'd his growing worth,
 And idoliz'd his name. 'Twas thus he liv'd,
 'Twas thus he was ador'd, while downy *Peace*

And

And smiling *Liberty* indulg'd his rule,
 And bless'd his people with continual joy.
 Yet not the softness of a *Court*, nor all
 The sweets of *Peace*, could lure his stedfast soul
 From *Virtue*, or with impious pleasures taint
 His manly mind. Lone *Contemplation* fill'd
 His leisure hours, and gave him clearer views
 Of *kingly duty*, and well-grounded fame:
 Or toilsome exercise improv'd his health,
 And gave new vigour to his limbs: by dawn
 He rose to hunt the trembling *Deer*, or rouse
 The *Panther* from his den: he, first, attack'd
 The wrathful *Savage*, and with lifted spear
 Provok'd his utmost rage: he, first, pursu'd
 The fleeting *Hind*, and with unerring dart
 O'ertook his flight, and stretch'd him on the
 green.

C

Once,

Once, as with ardent zeal he urg'd the chace,
 And press'd, with matchless swiftness, to secure
 His frightened prey, thro' the thick wood, from
 far

He spy'd, low-bending o'er the limpid stream,
 An aged *Hermit*; who seem'd wrapt in thought
 And solitary muse; behind him, arch'd
 By nature in the hollow rock, appear'd
 A gloomy cave, o'ergrown with moss, his calm
 Abode; above, with difficult ascent,
 Arose the hill, with vivid verdure crown'd;
 Around, the forest spread it's grateful shade,
 And gently murmur'd to the gale; beneath
 Spontaneous flow'rs adorn'd the grassy turfe,
 And sweetned ev'ry breeze: long gaz'd the *King*
 On the enchanting scene, and wonder'd much

It

It had 'till then escap'd his haunt; when, wak'd
By his approaching step, the *Father* rose,

And with meek rev'rence thus began. "'Tis not,

" Great *Prince*, by accident you've stray'd to

" this

" Sequestred place, but by divine decree;

" That you may know what instant dangers

" threat

" Your rule, what miseries your realms;

" That no surprize enervate your resolves

" When *war* alarms you to the field; no dread

" Of *Stranger Nations*, or unusual arms

" Confuse the combate, and in foul retreat

" Disperse your routed squadrons o'er the plain."

He said, and led him, by a winding way,

To the high brow of that delightful hill,

And bid him view the prospect round. He
look'd,

And lo! the whole world's globe seem'd stretch'd
along

Before his view, so far the landscape reach'd,
So many objects crowded on the eye;

On this side cities stand, and forests wave,
Green fields extend, and gentle rivers glide;

O'er hanging precipices frown, and hills

Ascend on high: on this the white sea foams,

And on the nearer shores, with speedy roll,

Breaks wide it's hasty billows. *Zeuma* starts

At the surprizing roar, yet still intent

Beholds the restless wave, when, new and strange!

High-tossing on the ang'ry surge appear

Vast *floating Piles*, that with capacious wings

Collect the breathing gale, and by degrees
 Approach the strand; with thund'ring voice
 discharge

Huge streams of ruddy flame, in cloudy smok
 Involv'd, and fright the nations round. Again
 The *Monarch* starts, astonish'd at the noise,
 While, down their steepy sides, descend a throng
 Of * *bearded men*, of *foreign* look and mien;
 That brighten o'er the plain with shining arms,
 And all the pomp of war. To them succeeds
 An *herd of Creatures*, fierce and active, train'd
 To battle, and the din of arms; on which
 The *Warriors* mounting, all proceed, in firm
 And regular array, across the field;
 Then sound a charge; and o'er the tranquil glebe

* The *Indians* were remarkable for being without beards.

Let

Let loose destruction, and with slaughter glut
 The sword ; with dire, oppressive force, and
 stern

Dominion fix their barb'rous rule, and lord
 It o'er the groaning tribes. With horror struck,
 Sad *Zemna* overlook'd the scene, and mourn'd
 The dire event : when thus the *hoary Sage*
 His lore renew'd, " These are the foes that now
 " Are marching to invade your land ; and such
 " The ills that must afflict your tribes ; see o'er
 " Yon ridge of hills, contemning all the force
 " Of freezing cold, and wintry gales, they pass
 " Unweary'd with the toil : then hast away,
 " Alarm your people, and with princely care
 " Draw all your squadrons to the field, If ought
 " Of doubt yet hangs upon your mind,

" Again

" Again survey the landscape, and believe
 " My *Mission* from above." He look'd, and all
 Th' illusive prospect vanish'd from the view,
 And nought remain'd, but one vast length of
 wood,
 That murm'ring bow'd before the wanton gale.

So, where the *setting Sun*, with upward ray
 Adorns the ev'ning clouds in fleecy gold,
 And purple deeply dy'd, th' attentive eye,
 With wonder, views a maze of objects dawn
 In bright confusion o'er the blue sky's edge,
 And with a round of never ceasing change
 Perplex the doubtful scene, 'till *Night's dark deep*
 shade,
 Ascending swiftly darkens o'er the heavens,
 And in grey vapours sweeps the whole away.

Heart-

Heart-pierc'd with horreur at the dreadful view
 Of such impending ills, the anxious *King*
 With timely care revolv'd the surest means
 To guard his people and secure his throne.
 For this intent, he summon'd all his chiefs,
 The *Sage* in councils, and the *Great* in arms,
 To wise debates; and whilst the hoary head
 Essay'd the means of peace, inspir'd the youth
 With warlike ardour, and heroick warmth,
 Inur'd their manly limbs to constant toil,
 And, by example, taught them to subdue
 Their passions, and forget the love of ease;
 Describ'd the warlike *Steed* ('till then unknown)
 His wond'rous swiftness and amazing strength;
 The dreadful *Engines*, whence immediate death,
 In *Fire* and *Thunder*, forc'd resistless way,

And

And all the wonders that conspir'd to give
 Eternal conquest to the *Spanish* arms;
 But pictur'd all with such surprizing art,
 As gave new spirit to his troops, and fir'd
 The youthful *Heroes* with impetuous zeal
 To prove their valour on their *Country's* foes,
 Or dye in the attempt. Mean time, oppress'd
 With war and death, the neighb'ring nations
 mourn'd
 Their captive state, and, flush'd with long
 success,
 The haughty *Victors*, with unbated rage,
 Prepar'd to hurl the *Monarch* from his throne,
 And desolate his realms. But first, essay'd
 The force of threatnings; and, in haughty terms,
 Demanded both his treasures and his crown,

As sent of *Heav'n*, and favour'd by the *Gods*.
 The prudent *Prince*, with patience heard the
 boast,
 And then return'd, " That for his *People's* sake,
 " He offer'd peace on honourable terms;
 " But such refus'd, 'twas *Justice* to defend
 " His charge by *Arms* and violence, from the rage
 " Of barb'rous men, and call the injur'd *Gods*
 " To vindicate themselves." Highly enrag'd
 At this reply, *Iberia's* vengful chief,
 The fierce * *Almagro*, hasten'd to subdue
 His stubborn virtue, and at once began
 All the dread mischiefs of the *Sword*. Then fled,
 Affrighted at the hideous din, soft *Peace*

* Was the real person employ'd in the conquest of *Chili*.

And smiling *Liberty*, to other climes,
And blest'd those lands no more. Then, dire

Despair

And galling *Tyranny* usurp'd the rule,

Unbounded, and at large; ev'n *Death* appear'd

A kind reprieve from more tremendous ills,

And *Life* too burthensome to bear. Yet then

Brave *Zeuma*, with undaunted soul, resolv'd,

To stand his country's champion, and defend

It's ancient *Freedom*, 'till one common fate

Should end the *People* and their *King*. For this,

With wily caution he appear'd in arms,

And shun'd the combat in the open plain ;

Least, fighting on unequal terms, his troops

Should fly, inglorious, from the field ; for this,

Withheld his own heroick warmth, and taught

His trembling *Subjects*, by degrees, to bear
 The *Neighing Courser* and the *Gun discharg'd*,
 That, when the wish'd occasion should arise,
 He might with *Courage*, front his vaunting foes,
 And, to advantage, carry on the *War*,

So, when the rav'nous *Lion*, stung with want,
 Forfakes th' unfruitful wild, and o'er the plains
 With plenty crown'd, loud roaring seeks his prey,
 The anxious *Huntsman* rouses at the sound,
 And kindles all the ardour of his soul;
 Yet wisely shuns his open fury, lest
 Th' intended fate should be his own, and, hid
 In gloomy coverts, meditates the wound.

'Twas *Summer* now, and the *approaching Sun*
 Drove thro' the vault of heav'n his *nearer orb*,
 And, on the sick'ning earth *directly* stream'd

His

His rays --- Intolerable heat at *Noon*
 In all its fury rag'd; the slumb'ring winds,
 Unactive, hover'd in mid-air; the woods
 In silence slept, and not a breath disturb'd
 The stream; the torrid hours forbid the toil
 Of arms and battle, 'till the ev'ning shades
 Advanc'd, and fresh'ning gales, with dewy wing,
 Blew gently o'er the world. 'Twas then th'
 enrag'd

Almagro, weary of the lengthen'd war,
 Resolv'd t' attack the adverse troops, within
 Their lines, and force them to the field. Between
 The hostile camps, an headlong current pour'd
 It's chrystal wave, and, with wide-wand'ring
 stream,
 Refresh'd the neighb'ring meads. On either side,
 In

In frequent combats, the contending bands
 Had skirmish'd, to essay their mutual strength,
 And various fortune waited ev'ry fray.

In *happier* days, when *Peace* and *Plenty* pour'd
 Their blessings on the glebe, these blissful fields
 Had been the haunt of *Innocence* and *Joy* :
 Here each returning *Spring*, th' assembling tribes,
 With rural pleasures crown'd the day, and
 breath'd

The fragrance of the evening breeze; here, tun'd
 Their sweetest songs, and in the moonlight shade
 Indulg'd the am'rous tale; the purple morn
 Return'd but to renew their happiness,
 And each gay minute flew along furcharg'd
 With new delights; while *Sorrow*, *Care* and *Pain*
 At distance howl'd, nor with unhollow'd tread
 E'er

E'er ventur'd to molest the gladsome *Round*. IT

— But now, another scene commene'd; the
trumpets rung

Th' alarm of battle, and the mingled sounds
Of war and tumult, thicken'd on the winds.

Fir'd by *Ambition*, and desire of *Gold*,

Th' *Iberian* squadrons, rang'd in meet array,

Begin their march along the trembling green,

And tow'rd the *River*, slowly moving, bent

Their dreadful progress, pleas'd with *Arms* and

Blood.

Almagro at their head, with gloomy pride,

And savage, furlly glance, portending dire

Destructions to his foes, rode haughty on

And, like his troops, with barb'rous joy revolv'd

Th'

Th' ensuing slaughters that must drench the
 plains.

---So rises, red, and furious o'er the earth,
 A baleful *Comet*, and, athwart the skies,
 Extends a length of blaze; thro' all it's course
 Streams down a thousand woes, and, to the verge
 Of *Heav'n's expansion*, frights the gazing *Worlds*.

Mean time, dread *Zeus*, from afar, survey'd
 Their first approaches, and, with prudent haste,
 Commanded out his army to the field;
 Gave ev'ry chief his portion of the war,
 And with a noble fierceness fir'd their souls:
 Then, waving high his hand, 'twas silence all,
 And calm, profound attention, while he said.

“ My *Fellow-souldiers* *Country-men* and
 “ *Friends*,

“ To

"To day, *just Heav'n* has arm'd us to assert
 "Our *native Freedom*, and redeem our soil
 "From these outrageous sons of *Guilt and Blood*,
 "Who change the face of *Nature*, with their
 "wrongs,
 "And study to undo *Mankind*; who claim
 "Possession of our *All*, and would destroy
 "Our very *Names*: methinks, the dire attempt
 "Should rouse us to revenge, and arm the
 "*World*
 "To join in such a cause. The *Gods* themselves
 "Should fight for us, and thunder on our foes
 "Their utmost fury, and extreamest rage.
 "O think, *my Sons*, with what a weight of woe
 "Your *native* land must groan, if you forget
 "Her dang'rous state, or fail in her defence.

" I dread the thought; *Distraction* must attend

" A pain so great, and *Horror*, that would freeze

" A *Nation* into *Statues* — But no more —

" It cannot be, when *Heroes* such as you

" Maintain *their Country's* cause, and long to
prove

" Their souls superiour to their *Fate*. Behold

" Yon chrystal stream; 'tis there we must exert

" Our utmost valour, and dispute the ford,

" 'Till *Death* or *Conquest* terminate the fray.

" I lead you on, and share alike with you

" The utmost danger of the day." He ceas'd,

And shouts, like thunder in redoubled peals,

Rung to the skies, and echo'd all around;

Immediate courage flam'd in ev'ry soul

And brighten'd ev'ry eye; the din of arms,

And

And all the instruments of war succeed,
 A thousand banners, gay with inwrought gold
 And sparkling gems, ^{glam'd with} ~~stream'd to~~ the setting Sun,
 And lighten'd all the fields. Down to the stream
 They march, in thick embody'd crowds, and
 shake, ^{ob' reverb' and cover'd} ~~ob' reverb' and cover'd~~
 Beneath their thund'ring footsteps, all the meads.
 So e'er the *Earthquake* heaves the trembling
 soil, ^{h'g' soil, behind him} ~~h'g' soil, behind him~~
 And rocks the drowzy world, a rumbling sound
 Runs thro' its hollow womb, presaging ill,
 And all the nations shudder at the noise.
 Now stood great *Zeumá* on the river's brink,
 The foremost of his troops; his stature tall
 Above the common size of men, his face
 The image of a King lovely in smiles,

E 2

Recover In

*Hic inter primos præstanti corpore Zeuma
 Ostenditur, arma tenens, et toto vertice supra est.
 I.e.*

In frowns majestick as a God; the blush
 Of ripen'd manhood glow'd upon his cheek,
 His eye-balls flam'd with living fire, sublime
 His front, and, o'er his face, true courage seem'd
 To heighten ev'ry charm; above, his helm,
 Adorn'd with plumes and cover'd o'er with gems,
 Dazled the eye, his right-hand strongly grasp'd
 A pond'rous spear, his left sustain'd a shield,
 Illustrious as the *Day*: behind him throng'd
 (With brave impatience for the fatal hour)
 A crowd of noble *Youths*, whose utmost joy
 Was ever to be near their *Lord*, and fight
 Or dye with him: Not such whom servile *Pay*
 Had made his friends, but *Virtue* like their own.
 At last their foes drew near, and, on the verge
 Of fate, a moment paus'd, then, rang'd anew,

At once the signal sounded to engage,
 And, rushing to the stream, impetuous down
 The hostile squadrons plung'd; at once the waves
 Were cover'd o'er with men, and foaming white
 Ran troubled to the shore; the dreadful roar
 Of *iron Enginry* was heard around,
 And all the dire concomitants of *War*.
 Stun'd, frighted at the sound, the *Indian* troops
 Start back apall'd, dire horror sinks their hearts,
 And shakes in ev'ry limb; with frantick eye
 They upwards gaze, and trembling think the
Heav'ns,
 Amidst a thousand thunders, tumbling down,
 With hideous ruin, and all *Nature's* frame
 Dissolv'd. Ev'n *Zeuma's* stedfast soul
 Recoil'd at the tremendous noise; but soon
Recover'd

Recover'd from the sudden dread, again
 He stood resolv'd; and, thro' the tim'rous host,
 Infuz'd a blaze of courage, like his own.
 — The *Spaniards*, eager to attain the shore,
 Fought from below with never ceasing toil,
 And crowded to ascend in vain. For there
 The dauntless *Heroe*, hanging o'er the flood,
 Repuls'd their broken squadrons, and, in heaps,
 O'erwhelm'd them in the waves. *Anger*,
Revenge, *Despair*, and *Rage*, in dreadful forms appear'd
 To either host, and dealt destruction round.
 Fainting with wounds, and stifled in the stream
 A thousand luckless wretches meet their end;
 Drove by the side their mangled bodies float,
 A dreadful prospect! to the neighb'ring shores;
 And

And red, for many a league, the waters roll
A bloody wave. But now, advancing wide,
Increasing *Darkness* shadow'd o'er the skies;
Yet still the *dubious* battle madly rag'd,
And *Slaughter* rang'd from host to host, more
dread
And furious than before. The awful gloom,
That hung the heav'ns, with sacred terror
fill'd
The boldest heart, and, o'er the armies, spread
Confusion ev'n more terrible than *Death*.
Yet not a soul retreated from the war,
Or murmur'd at his fate; but, all resolv'd
On *Victory*, again renew'd the fight
With double ardour, and whole heaps expir'd.
At length the *Moon*, ascending from behind
The

The earth's remotest hills, roll'd up the skies
 Her silver orb, and o'er the horrid scene
 Shed down her welcome rays; when *Zeuza*
 griev'd

That *Justice* waited on his arms in vain,
 Survey'd th' approaching ruin of his cause,
 And, with afflicting thought, in hast revolv'd
 Th' increasing danger of the lengthen'd fray.

Compassion soon prevail'd, and thro' the field
 He founded a retreat, alas too late!
 For, lifeless on the ground, full half his strength
 Lay roll'd in dust, and blood; and what remain'd
 Was scatter'd o'er the field, breathless, fatigu'd,
 Unable to resist their conqu'ring foes.

Yet, rousing all the courage of his soul,
 He gather'd his remaining troops, and gave

Com-

Commandment to retire; himself the last,
 All cover'd o'er with blood, secur'd the rear
 And sav'd them from their fate. The *victor Troops*
 Then gain'd the long-contended field, and faint
 With labour, weariness, and wounds, encamp'd
 Immediate on the hostile strand; nor dar'd
 To venture a pursuit: while, sore perplex'd
 With all the torture, all the agony of mind,
 A prince so zealous for his country's good
 Could suffer, *Zeuma*, thro' surrounding shades,
 And gloomy woods, escap'd; and, by the first
 Approaches of the morning light, repos'd
 His drooping train within * *Comagua's* walls.
 Where, still undaunted at his evil fate,

* Suppos'd to be the chief city of *Cbili*.

He summon'd all the forces of his realm,
 And with sage counsel, and mature advice,
 Plann'd out the future conduct of the *War*.

Mean time, expel'd from their serene abodes
 By lawless outrage, and the force of arms,
 The *frighted Tribes* assembled to their *Prince*,
 Plaintive of wrongs, and sadden'd with distress
 The *Victor* squadrons, zealous to subdue
 An harmless *Nation*, and, by cruel deeds,
 Destroy it from the earth, at once let loose
 The rage of *Avarice*, *Lust*, and *Vengeance* join'd:
Slaughter was first, and, when the sword was
 tir'd

With tragick fury, lawless *Lust* took place,
 And from the *Husband's* arms, the injur'd *Bride*
 Was sternly forc'd away; the hoary *Sire*

Deplor'd

Deplor'd the virgin honour of his house
 Defil'd, and o'er his ravish'd *Daughters*
 mourn'd;
 The temples of their *Gods*, full-fraught with
 wealth
 Immense, became their prey: no more appear'd
 The shining ornaments, and wond'rous gifts
 Which grateful nations had bequeath'd to *Heav'n*,
 But, stript of all, the rev'rend structures sunk
 In mighty ruins, and the wild beast roam'd,
 With nightly roarings, round the desert pile.
 No place was free from *Misery* and *Death*,
 No age, nor sex was spar'd; a gen'ral groan
 Ascended to the skies, and endless scenes
 Of *Desolation* sadden'd all the land.

So where the *Dam* (uprais'd, with mighty toil,
 And vast expence, to bound the wild sea's rage)
 Gives way before the long continu'd storm,
 And ever beating surge in at the *Sluce*,
 With headlong fury, pour resistless down
 The exulting billows, and, with dreadful roar
 Wide-thund'ring, deluge all the plain; *one* rude
 Influx of boiling waters raves along,
 And dire destruction rides on ev'ry wave.

Struck to the soul, with an excess of grief,
 Afflicted *Zeuma* mourn'd his country's woes
 Incessantly renew'd; the golden day,
 And cheerful light of heav'n could ne'er afford
 A pause of comfort, nor the night's still shades
 A moment of serene repose: But *Death*
 And *Horror*, in tremendous shapes, disturb'd

His dreams; or ghastly *Shades*, of slaughter'd
troops,

Intreated for *Revenge*, and, groaning loud,
Broke short his slumbers, and renew'd his pains.

Nor was it *Grief* alone, but kingly *Care*,

And anxious *Study*, to redeem his realm

From *Violence*, and *War*, employ'd his hours:

Pensive he fate, revolving the success

Of future battles, and approaching toils;

No thought of *Pleasure* could relax his zeal

For *publick Good*, no dread of pain affright

Him from his *Charge*; but, like a *Mountain*, fixt

By heav'n to guard the sea-beat shore, unmov'd

With winds or waves, he bore the rude assaults

Of adverse *Fate* with an unconquer'd soul,

His
Nor

Nor bent beneath the *Load*. While thus he
mourn'd,

And labour'd thus to give his kingdom *Peace*,
Young *Ogdar* brave and good, by *Zeuma* lov'd
With growing friendship from his tender years,
Return'd from unsuccessful *Leagues* with sad
And drooping heart; and, as the eager prince
Demanded the result, with downcast look
And streaming eyes began: O my dear lord,
The good old king * *Olymnab* has comply'd
With all our wants, and sent me from his court
Laden with all the happiness our fate
Could give, but all in vain: *bad Fortune* still
Attends us, and w' are plung'd in ruin now,

* The lord of an adjoining country.

Yet deeper than before. — Soon as the *King*
 Had heard the *Story* of our woes, he gave
 Immediate orders to assemble all
 His martial *Chiefs*, and with a ready heart
 Drew out his *Soldiers* to the field; then thus
 Dismiss'd me to the *War*: “ My valiant friend,
 “ Behold what succour's in our pow'r to give
 “ Your noble *Lord*; 'tis all our scanty rule
 “ Can raise in his *Defence*, not half so much
 “ As he deserves: But 'tis my trust that *Heav'n*
 “ Will be his guard, and prosper the event
 “ Of such a *righteous Cause*. — Instead of my
 “ Enfeebled arm to combat by his side,
 “ I send *Zairene* to relieve his cares,
 “ And smooth the toil of empire with her
 “ smiles:

“ Long

- “ Long e’er this day I ’ad imag’d to my soul
 “ The prospect of a thousand joys in his
 “ Possession of her peerless charms, and all
 “ Th’ unnumber’d blessings of a virtuous race;
 “ But ah! how fond, how fruitless was the hope!
 “ — Yet *Ogdar*, hear me, ’tis a father speaks,
 “ I’ll give her to thy charge; convoy’d by thee,
 “ The nuptial band shall still unite their loves,
 “ And make ev’n old *Olymnab* happy, e’er
 “ He sink into the grave, and be no more:
 “ Then take this dearest offspring of my
 “ bed, —
 “ And lead her to his arms; his doating heart
 “ Has long been hers, and she has long indulg’d
 “ His growing ardour with an equal flame:

“ O may she bring *good Fortune, Health, and*

“ *Joy*

“ To his *Embrace*, and crown his future days

“ With *Happiness, and Peace.*” --- This said,

He kiss'd the blushing *Maid*, and, sighing, gave

Her to my care for you --- O that my *Care,*

My *Life, or Death* could have secur'd her charms,

And made the present yours --- A general shout

Ensu'd, and all seem'd raptur'd that their *King*

Had chose so great a hero for his son:

But all were not, the proud * *Otomac* lov'd

The blooming fair, and, with his friends, retir'd

In discontent to meditate revenge,

And feed the burning fury of his soul.

* A lord of *Olymnab's* court.

G

Mean

Mean time, equip'd in all the pomp of war,
 We march'd away, and, with increasing hopes
 Of *Victory*, and *Peace*, at last arriv'd
 Upon the verge of this unhappy land:
 When, early as the dawn, these dreadful sons
 Of *Violence*, and *War*, engag'd our host
 With all the thunder of the *Gods*; let loose
 Unseen destruction thro' our drowzy camp,
 And cover'd all the field with blood: in vain
 We fought, or fled; the valiant fell in heaps,
 Who dar'd oppose their rage, and, in pursuit,
 The fiercest creatures of the world o'erturn'd
 Our flying squadrons, scatter'd, and confus'd.
 —The battle lost, I paus'd awhile to save
Zirene from her fate, and instant ran
 To her relief: but ah! my care arriv'd

Too late ; for curs'd *Otomac*, who had led
 These barb'rous strangers to revenge his loss,
 Was there, and, with unmanly force, had seiz'd
 Her in his arms, and, from the bloody scene,
 Prepar'd to hurry her away. Pale fear
 Had froze her blood, and stifled her complaints,
 Her livid cheek had lost it's crimson dye,
 Her eyes their wonted rays ; excessive *Grief*,
 And mute *Despair* sat pensive on her brow,
 And sadden'd ev'ry glance. Struck to the soul,
 With sudden horror, at the sight, I flew
 To vengeance with an eager hand, and stain'd
 My jav'lin in his blood : at once he fell,
 And in redoubled curses murmur'd out
 His soul. But fruitless was the stroke ; for lo !
 Ev'n then the Christian chief with all his strength

Befet us round, and hinder'd our escape:
 So nought remain'd, but to resign our arms,
 And trust the conqu'ror with our lives; nor was
 The trust in vain, for your *Zirene's* charms,
 With a resistless force, soften'd his rage,
 And sooth'd him into smiles: with gentle mein
 He rais'd her from the ground, where drown'd
 in tears

She lay, and seem'd to pity her distress;
 Then gaz'd again, 'till young desire inflam'd
 His soul, and made the *Victor* own a *Pow'r*
 Superiour to his own. That fatal day
 Began his passion, and each fleeting hour
 Increas'd it's rage; at last he talk'd of love,
 And pleaded all the ardour of his flame;
 Invok'd the nuptial rites, and press'd the *Fair*

To listen to his vows: but she, averse,
 With stern disdain, refus'd his warm address,
 And sigh'd, and mourn'd for you. Thus still
 she lives,

And, with unceasing Tears, bewails her doom.

Then rouse your courage, O my dearest lord!

And justify your *Love*, by war and arms:

A thousand *Dangers* I've already run

T'acquaint you with her *Fate*; a thousand more

I'll dare with you to set such virtue free,

And prove our *Valour* equal to our cause.



ZEUMA:



Z E U M A :
OR THE
LOVE of LIBERTY.

Book the Second.

DEEP is the anguish which the tor-
tur'd soul
Endures, when *Passion* struggles for command,
And *Virtue* labours to maintain her rule ;

This

This *Zeuma* learn'd, by dire experience, when
 His mournful *Friend* rehears'd th' ungrateful tale,
 And fir'd his heart with jealousy and rage:
 At first the *Hero* gave unbounded loose
 To anger and revenge; then, calmly sad,
 His fury ebb'd in silent tears away;
 Strait, prompted by despair, he rav'd anew,
 And threaten'd all the miseries of war;
 Till *Reason* was again restor'd, and gave
 A pause of quiet to his troubled mind.

Ogdar, with pitying eye, beheld his pain,
 And trac'd the various tumult of his soul;
 Then breath'd defiance to the Christian troops,
 And urg'd th' event of battle to redeem
 The beauteous *Captive* for her *Lord*: yet he,
 Supremely Great and Good, disdain'd to risque

His

His *Subjects safety*, or, with frantick haste,
 Attempt a *private Justice*, and o'erturn
 The *Publick good* beyond retrieve: but to
 The *Heav'nly Pow'rs* referr'd his injur'd cause,
 And, with dumb *Sorrow*, waited the *Success*.

Near to the *City* walls, and on the verge
 Of an adjoining wood, with thickest boughs
 Wide-shadowing, stood an ancient *Structure*,
 fam'd

For all the beauties of the *Builder's* art;
 But envious *Time*, and unrelenting *Age*,
 With slow decay, had worn the mould'ring
Arch,

And shook the sculptur'd *Column* to it's *Base*:
 Thick from the ground, and reaching to the roof,
 Green *Ivy* crept along, and, wand'ring wide,
 Embrac'd

Embrac'd the antique *Frame*; within 'twas dark,
 And dreadful all around; no beam of *Day*
 Could e'er approach to gild the awful gloom,
 Or glitter thro' the shade; but feeble *Lamps*,
 For ever burning, twinkled from on high,
 And stream'd a dubious *Twilight* thro' the *Dome*.
 Here were their *Gods* ador'd with cruel rites,
 And kneeling *Kings*, with human blood, aton'd
 The errors of their *Rule*: each *Altar*' long
 Had been defil'd with such flagitious deeds,
 And thousands of unhappy *Men* were made
 The sacrifice of *Hell*; the pillars glow'd
 With living *Crimson*, and the floor was heap'd
 With strange variety of *Bones*; aloft
 The *Skulls* of mighty *Enemies* were hung
 In barb'rous *Triumph*; and grim *Death* appear'd

The *Genius* of the *Place*: the *nightly Priest*
 Oft fancied that the yell of injur'd *Ghosts*,
 Swift-gliding thro' the dark, complain'd aloud
 Of *Cruelty*, and *Wrong*; the *Temple* rung
 With the distracting sound, and ev'ry vault
 Breath'd out a dreadful *Echo* from below:
 Far in the thickest shade, the deepest gloom,
 Where *Night*, and *Darkness* hung eternal,

Horror dwelt

Tremendously obscure, and, unreveal'd
 To mortal gaze, for ages held her *Reign*,
 In dreadful *Solitude*, silent as *Death*,
 And secret as the *Tomb*; whence pale *Amaze*,
 And shudd'ring *Terror* seiz'd the luckless *Wretch*
 Who haply wander'd to her dire *Abode*;
 His *Nerves* relax'd, his *Pulse*, *Voice*, *Heart* forgot

Their

Their office, and each property of *Life*
 Was for a moment lost: *Anguish* succeeds,
 And apprehensions horrible as those
 Of dying *Sinners*; when the nether *World*
 Appears, with all it's torments, to their view;
 A thousand *Phantoms* thro' the gloom arise
 In dread array, and, with perpetual change,
 Confuse his heated *Brain*; at last he sinks,
 O'er-burthen'd with his *Fears*, and struggling
 dies

In *Agonies* beyond the reach of *Thought*.

Such was the scene of old, so dire the *Place*,
 E'er *Zeuon* rose to empire, and forbid
 The savage use of sacrificing *Slaves*,
 Their fellow-creatures born; forbid the dire
 Rejoycings o'er a vanquish'd *Foe*, and taught

The barb'rous *Priest* a *Worship* more *Divine*:
 From that blest *Period* the devoted walls
 No longer blush'd with human *Blood*; the bones
 Of offer'd *Victims* were remov'd, and *Death*,
 With all his *Terrors*, dar'd no more approach
 The service of the *Gods*: religious *Dread*
 Alone remain'd to wake the heedless *Wretch*
 From sublunary *Bliss*, and fix his thought
 On *Virtue*, and the true *Delight* she gives.
 Thus chang'd the venerable *Pile* became,
 A scene of *Pleasure* to the studious *Soul*,
 Who, rapt in *Contemplation*, here forgot
 The cares of *Life*, and, with increas'ing warmth,
 Convers'd with *Heav'n*, and breath'd celestial
Joy.
 Here *Zeuma* oft retir'd, and, roll'd in dust,

Now

Now humbly sought the favour of the *Skies* ;
 In bitterness of *Soul* lamenting lay,
 And with excessive, agonizing *Grief*,
 Revolv'd his *Woes* and mourn'd his wayward
Fate.

When (wonderful to tell) an easy *Gale*,
 With strange, unusual sound arose, and, o'er
 The moss-grown roof low murm'ring, gently
 shook

The nodding tow'rs ; instant the sacred *Lamps*
 Extinguish'd ev'ry blaze, and *Darkness* veil'd
 The dusky scene. 'Twas *Silence* now,

And *Zeuma's* soul, in sad reflections, hung
 On the *Event* ; when *Musick*, from on high
 Sweet warbling thro' the *Dome*, resounded soft,
 And dy'd upon the *Ear* ; while sudden *Day*,

In

In all it's glory, darted thro' the gloom,
 And spread it's golden radiance all around :
 At once he saw unmov'd the wond'rous blaze,
 And (far beyond his *Hope*) an heav'nly *Form*,
 Commission'd from above, to speak *Content*
 To his distracted *Thoughts*, and lull his *Cares*
 In *Peace*; for this intent, th' *angelick Pow'r*
 Had sweetned all his visage into *Smiles*,
 And ev'ry glance was wing'd with *Love*; he
 breath'd
Compassion for the sons of *Men*, and seem'd
 Created for their *Good*; the rosy *Morn*
 Was painted on his *Cheek*, and every charm,
 Of blooming *Youth*, or manly *Beauty*, made
 Him lovely as the *Spring*, when warmer *Suns*
 Awake the freshning verdure of the *Fields*,

And

And gayly deck the smiling *Earth* with *Flowers*!

O *Zeuma*! he began, from whence proceeds

This wild of *Sorrow*? whence this pensive *Fit*

Of lonely musing, and heart-breaking thought?

Sure thy *Virtue* tow'rs above a private *Woe*,

And if the length'ning view of publick ills

Distract thy *Reason*, and, in deep *Despair*,

O'er-whelm thy better mind, recall thy *Trust*

On *Heav'n*, and the immortal *Gods*, They hear

The sorrows of *Mankind*, and turn the vast,

Th' amazing *Round* of *Life* for *Good*, how'er

It seems to mortal *Eye*: thus warn'd, be *Wise*,

And, tho' ill *Fortune* should attend your *Arms*,

And grim *Destruction* wander thro' your *Tribes*

Unbounded, and at large, be firmly brave

And stand the *Champion* of thy country's *Cause*

In

In all *Events*; This is the duty of
 A *King*, and what the just, th' almighty *Gods*
 Will bless: nor has the influence of *Fate*
 Been more auspicious to the grov'ling *Soul*,
 Who careless in the noise of *Arms*, neglects
 The *Publick Weal*, and, to the *Spoiler* leaves
 His helpless *Realms* a *Prey*. Extend, in *Thought*,
 Thy *View* beyond yon cloudy ridge of *Hills*,
 And traverse the *Peruvian* plains: see there
 The *Brother Kings*, in bloody battle join'd,
 Contend for *Empire*, and indulge the rage
 Of dire *Ambition*, while these *foreign Troops*
 Invade the *Frontier*, and, with speedy march,
 Depopulate the *Land*: deaf to the cries
 Of a whole *Nation*, see! the frantick *Pair*
 Exhaust their mutual *Strength* in *civil Broils*;

Nor cease their *Rage* 'till one a *Victim* falls,
 And yields the long-contended *Throne*: but what
 Avails the *Conquest*? Lo! the *Victor* rides,
 In *Triumph*, to possess the fancied *Joy*,
 And give his *Passions* an unbounded *Loose*:
 But ah! how vain the *Thought*? caught in the
Snare,

He laid himself, he falls by foreign *Foes*,
 Unhonour'd, and unmourn'd: *Ruin* succeeds,
 And all the wide-extended-*Kingdom* groans
 Beneath the weight of *Slavery* and *Death*.

Again indulge thy *Soul*, and o'er a *Vast*
 Of varying *Prospects*, see the pompous rise
 Of *Mexico's* proud tow'rs, where haughty *Kings*,
 For ages, held their wide controul, and reign'd

Supreamly *Great* : see there dread * *Cortex* holds
 A † *Monarch* pris'ner, tho' surrounded with
 Such numbers of his *Guards* ; Amazing scene!
 Th' effect of abject *Cowardice* and *Fear* :
 See, the bold *Stranger* drains his *Wealth*, and awes
 Him with his *Frown* : but hark ! what murmurs
 run

Amid the *Croud* ! *Suspicion*, *Phrenzy*, *Rage*
 Awake on ev'ry *Brow*, the sound of *Arms*
 Rings horrid to the clouds, and dire *Uproar*,
 Ascending loudly, thickens by degrees
 And thunders all around : with wild surprize
 The *Spaniards* view the brooding storm
 approach

* The famous conqueror of *Mexico*. † *Montezuma* the
 last prince of the *Mexicans*.

And meditate their *Flight* in vain: for lo!
 In *Crouds* on *Crouds*, innumerably large,
 Their *Enemies* advance, and, mad with *Wrongs*,
 Incessantly renew'd, besiege them round,
 And sternly threaten a severe *Revenge*.

Cortex, amaz'd, and doubting the event,
 Brings out his royal *Captive* to command
 His *Subjects* into *Peace*: the *Monarch's* voice
 Is drown'd in the increasing *Roar*, their *Rage*
 Redoubles, and, amidst a furious show'r
 Of *Stones*, and *Darts*, he falls, their * *Monarch*
 falls

The unhappy *Victim* of ungovern'd *Crouds*.
 At length the *Spaniard*, in despair, resolves,

* He was killed by his own people.

While *Night* involves the *Skies*, to force his *Way*,
 Or perish in th' *Attempt*; he gives the *Word*,
 And, laden with their *Spoils*, his *Soldiers* march
 In *Secrecy*, and *Silence* from their *Strength*,
 And hasten thro' the hostile *Town*; th' *Allarm*
 Begins; the tribes assemble to the *War*,
 And fright the *Darkness* with redoubled shouts
 Of *Conquest*, and *Revenge*; a thousand brands
 Flame hideous thro' the *Gloom*, and wav'd on
 high,

Display the lineaments of *Wrath* ingrav'd
 On ev'ry *Face*: with headlong *Speed* they fly
 Upon their *Foes*, and charge their *Front*, their
Flank,
 And *Rear* at once; at once the *Spaniards*, with
 Undaunted *Souls*, return th' *Attack* from *Rear*,
Flank,

*Flank, Front, and, with amazing Courage, break
The cloud of War; the Streets are drench'd with
Blood,*

The Dying, and the Dead incumber all the Way;

A sad variety of Sounds, all dire,

And horrid, shake the vaulted Skies, the Earth

Reechoes dreadful from her in-most caves,

And Nature mourns the miseries of War.

At last the Morning dawns, and Cortex wins

A bloody Passage thro' the opposing Throng;

Loud sounds the Triumph of the joyful Tribes

Deliver'd from his tyrant Rule, and Death,

And Misery, give place to Joy: but soon,

Too soon, the former scene returns, surcharg'd

With aggravated Ills; their inmate Foes

Besiege their Walls, and, o'er the wat'ry Lake,

Extend

Extend the dangers of the *War*; the waves
 Are dy'd with reeking *Crimson*, and, along
 The hollow shores, resounds the din of *Arms*;
 Within pale *Famine* rages thro' the *Streets*,
 And thousands dye heart-smitten with the *Woes*
She deals around, their ghastly *Bodies* lye
 Corrupted by the mid-day *Beam*, their *Friends*,
 And *Parents*, stupid with continual *Toil*,
 Pass by regardless: *Plagues* pollute the *Skies*,
 And taint the sick'ning *Air*; who 'scapes the
Sword

They kill, and *Hunger* slowly preys on all:
Complaints, and *Curses*, *Pray'rs*, and *Groans*
 ascend

Continual to the *Stars*, and wild *Despair*,
 With griping anguish, tortures ev'ry *Heart*,

And

And glares in ev'ry *Eye*: yet, obstinate
 In *Death*, they scorn the overtures of *Peace*,
 And mock the utmost efforts of their *Foes*.

Now, tir'd with vain attempts, the *Christian*
Chief,
 Prepares to fire the *City*; see the flames
 Ascend above the lofty tow'rs, and stream
 Their fury to the skies; what clouds of smoke,
 All dark and gloomy, dimly shade the day,
 And blacken all below! how loudly, hark!
 How loudly roars the blaze! what fearful cries
 The frantick *Habitants* send up to *Heaven*
 In vain! how vastly wide *Destruction* spreads!
 How swift it rides upon the gale! down, down
 The buildings fall, the *Earth*, convuls'd, beneath
 The hideous *Ruin* groans, and *Mexico*

Lies

Lies all one smoaking *Waste*— Thus sinks the
great,

The haughty *Mistress* of the *western World*,
And all her boasted *Glory* dies ; and thus
A thousand *States*, of noblest *Fame*, are fall'n
To rise again no more ; nor *Peace*, nor *War*
Was able to defend them on the brink of *Fate* :
If war became their choice, superiour *Force*
Prevail'd ; if *Peace*, destructive *Fraud* entic'd
Them into *Ruin*, and ignobler *Chains*
Oppress'd the mourning *Tribes*. — Thus timely
warn'd,

O *Zeuma* ! shun the gilded *Snare*, and trust
The *Sword*, and open arms ; a *Soldier* ne'er
Should shrink from *Death*, and, where the *War*
is *just*,

Eternal

Eternal *Honour* waits upon his *Shade*.

In me behold the *Genius* of thy *Realm*,
 And *Guardian* of thy *Throne*; to me belong
 The care of *Empires*, and the fate of *Kings*:
 If thou dost *Honour* to thy *Name*, with joy
 I shall attend thy *Rule*; if not—This said,
 Abrupt he paus'd, and while, in silent awe,
 The *Monarch* listned to his lore, display'd
 His starry wings, and soar'd away—So, when
 The wand'ring *Soul*, in *Dreams*, excursive roves
 Thro' fancied scenes of visionary *Foy*,
 While the unfinish'd *Rapture* gently sooths
 Th' attentive *Thought*, at once, with sudden shade,
 The *Landscape's* darken'd, and we pensive
 mourn
 Th' imaginary *Loss* in vain. Mean time

K

Brave

Brave *Ogdar*, mourning the distress his *Prince*
 Must suffer for *Zircne's* loss, and griev'd
 For the abandon'd *Maid*, with restless thought
 Explor'd a thousand ways to set her *Free*,
 And give the *King* relief: at length (his scheme
 Compleat) he took th' advantage of the *Night*
 To summon all his warriour *Friends* to aid
 In the *Design*, and share, with him, the *Praise*
 Struck with the glorious *Thought* each gen'rous
Mind,

With equal *Ardour*, join'd the brave *Attempt*,
 And, like their *Chief*, resolv'd on *Victory*,
 Or *Death*: This done, they gladly flew to *Arms*,
 And, thro' the sleeping *Town*, in *Silence* march'd
 Away: The youthful *Hero* led them on,
 And, charm'd with the delightful hope of sure

Success

Success, *Joy* brighten'd o'er his *Face*, and sense
 Of *Honour* fir'd his heart. He first essay'd
 The gloomy *Wood*, and doubtful *Brake*; first
 pass'd

The dang'rous *Ford*, and, with unwearied *Toil*,
 The upright *Mountain* scal'd: his *Ardour* chear'd
 The drooping *Soul*, and his *Applauses* gave
 New *Spirit* to the *Valiant*, and resolv'd.

At last, the *Foes Intrenchments*, thro' the dusk,
 Discover'd whit'ning o'er the *Field*; he paus'd
 To let his *Army* breath; then, fir'd anew
 By *Friendship's* holy *Flame*, immediate gave
 The sign of *Onset*, and with eager *Shouts*
 Began the dread *Alarm*; wide thro' the *Dark*
 It sounds tremendous, and the neighb'ring *Hills*

Rebellow to the *Noise*: with wild *Amaze*
 The naked *Spaniards* tremble at their *Fate*,
 And fight or fly in vain; so slaught'ring on
 Stern *Ogdar*, like a furious *Whirlwind*, pass'd
 To sad *Zircne's* tent, and left behind
 A track of *Ruin* and a scene of *Blood*.
 But there *Almagro's Guard*, a chosen band
 Of hardy *Warriours*, stood t' oppose his *Way*,
 And keep th' invaluable *Prize* their *own*.
 For this, with *Resolution* arm'd, they bore
 The dreadful *Shock*, and, where one *Soldier* fell,
 Dreadless another still supplied his *Room*:
Horror, *Confusion* rag'd around; in heaps
 The *Combatants* expir'd, and *Death*, at large,
 Stalk'd o'er the *Ruin*; ev'ry moment views
 The *Tumult* thicken, and the *War* increase,

'Till all the *Camp* appears one dreadful *Scene*
 Of *Violence* and *War*. So, when the gloom
 Of brooding *Tempests* shades the *World*, down
 rush

The boist'rous *Winds*, and, o'er the nodding
Woods,

Exert their *Rage*; this way, and that they bend
 Before the *Blast*, and one continued *Roar*
 Remurmurs all around. Thus hung the *Fray*
 In dubious scale, and, with uncertain *Flight*,
 Long-doubting *Conquest* roam'd from side to side.

Mean time the sad *Zirene*, all dissolv'd
 In sick'ning *Sorrow*, and aghast with *Fear*,
 Heard all the din, and thunder of the *War*,
 Uncertain who prevail'd; prone on her *Bed*,
 Afflicted and forlorn, she pensive lay,

And

And look'd a lovely image of *Despair*;
 Her *Eyes*, like *Stars*, reflected from the *Wave*,
 Shone, thro' the standing *Tears*, with wat'ry
Beams,

And down her *Cheek*, with brightest crimson
 bloom'd,

The pearly *Tears*, like *Drops* of morning *Dew*
 On new blown *Roses*, stream'd their various
Rays,

And glitter'd as they fell; a frequent *Sigh*
 Disturb'd her balmy *Breath*, and with a *Voice*,
 Broken with *Grief*, she murmur'd out her *Woes*;
 Black as the *Raven's* wing, her flowing *Hair*
 Shaded her *Face*, and, down her panting *Breast*,
 In artless *Ringlets* negligently wav'd:

'Twas thus she lay, when (fearful lest the dawn
 Should

Should disappoint his hope, and render vain
 His toil) brave *Ogdar* broke the thick *Array*,
 And rescu'd the lamenting *Maid*: his *Friends*
 Reciev'd her in their *Arms*, and *Part*, thro' all
 The fighting *Ranks*, convey'd her *Safe* away ;
 While *he*, the last, with some remaining *Troops*,
 Made good their *Rear*, and labour'd to secure
 A safe *Retreat*: a safe *Retreat* his *Friends*,
 The faithful *Guardians* of *Zirene*, found ;
 But *he*, and the immortal *Band* that fought
 With *him*, the firm companions of his *Fate* !
 Were made the *Victims* of the *War*: for now
 Incens'd *Almagro*, raging for his *Loss*,
 Came on with all his *Strength*, and fiercely charg'd
 The dreadful *Hero*, who, with chearful *Words*,
 Encouraging his little troop, return'd

The

The furious *Onset* with amazing *Warmth* ;
 And, in *Despair* of *Safety*, dealt around
 Such bloody marks of terrible *Revenge*,
As prov'd his Valour equal to his Cause :
 At last, o'er-wearied with a length of *Toil*
 And circled with an hostile *Round*, he fell
 The *Honour* of the *Field* ; Yet, ev'n in *Death*,
 He glory'd to have serv'd his *Prince*, and thought
 His *Life* well sacrific'd for such a *Friend*.

Mean time the *Morn*, impurpling o'er the
East,

Dawn'd on the *World*, and, flaming up the skies,
 The *Sun* began his wonted round ; when, sick
 Of mid-night *Cares*, and interrupted *Dreams*,
 Great *Zeuma* rose to breath the spicy *Air*,
 And find in *Solitude* the tranquil *Jays*

To *kingly Courts* deny'd; no cumb'rous *Train*
 Of *mercenary Slaves* was e'er allow'd
 To wait the thoughtful *Hour*, or shield *him* from
Himself; no dread of home-bred *Foes* disturb'd
 His dauntless *Mind*; and *Innocence* alone
 Was all his *Guard*: thus was the chearful *Morn*
 Enjoy'd, when *Peace*, and *Pleasure* jointly gave
 A blessing to his *Rule*; and thus, amid
 The terrors of a dang'rous *War*, he sought
Relief among the dew-dipt *Flow'rs*, and breath'd
 Up frequent *Pray'rs* upon the scented *Breeze*.

'Twas thus *he* was employ'd, when from the
 brow

Of a green *eminence*, adorn'd with trees,
 And all the joys of *Nature*, *he* beheld,
 At distance marching o'er the plain beneath,

An hasty *Crowd* that, in the guise of *War*,
 Appear'd the *Convoy* of some precious *Charge*,
 And fearful of pursuing *Ill* : intent
He gaz'd, and felt, as nearer it approach'd,
 Unusual tremblings flutter round his *Heart* ;
 A thousand *Changes*, with alternate rule,
 O'erspread his *Face*, and ev'ry *Glance* proclaim'd
 The doubtful *Passions* of his *Soul* : at last,
 Convinc'd that 'twas his dear *Zirene* came,
 In *safety* and at *large*, to cheer his sad,
 Uncomfortable *Hours* with *Love*, *he* ran,
 He flew to her *Embrace* ; and *she*, all *Fair*,
 And blushing like the purple *Dawn*, with like
 Impatience hastned to his *Arms*, and gave
 A loose to all the soft emotions of her *Heart*.
 Awhile, encircled in the am'rous *Fold*,

They

They stood unable to express the vast,
 The wond'rous *Pleasure* they enjoy'd, and *Tears*,
 In mingling streams and mutual silence, flow'd
 Down either *Face*; at length, in broken *Starts*--
 And interrupted *Sounds*, together *Both*
 Began to speak, and all their talk was *Love*:
 A thousand times he bless'd the *heav'nly Powers*
 For such a sweet return of *Bliss*, and she
 As often bless'd the happy *Hour* that freed
 Her from her *Woes*, and gave her back to *him*:
 'Twas *Joy* and *Triumph* all around, no mark
 Of *Grief*, no dread of *Danger* now remain'd,
 But *Acclamations*, and *Applause* were heard
 From ev'ry *Tongue*, and, in a gen'ral shout,
 Wide spreading, circled thro' the air; the *Town*,
 Alarm'd with the delightful *News*, pour'd out

It's num'rous *Tribes* to gratulate their *King*,
 And welcome his illustrious *Bride*; with *Flow'rs*,
 Sweet smelling, they perfum'd the *Way*, and
 shook

The echoing *Skies* with *bymeneal Songs*;
 The holy *Priests*, with artful *Musick*, join'd
 The gladsome *Verse*, and sweetned ev'ry *Lay*:
 Behind the youthful *Monarch* led his lov'd
Zircne thro' the gazing *Tbrong*, and seem'd
 Entranc'd in extacies of *Joy*; while *she*,
 In artless *Modesty*, and virgin *Pride*,
 Conceal'd the *Pleasure* of her *Heart*, and heard,
 Unmov'd, the murm'ring *Croud* admire her
Charms;
 And bless their *Prince's Choice* — The *Temple* now
 Receiv'd the glad *Praceffion*, and the *Priests*.

Began

Began the nuptial *Vow*; when, struggling thro'
 The claster'd throng, appear'd a man who seem'd
 But just escap'd the rage of *Battle*, and grown
 pale

With frequent wounds; with rev'rence he ap-
 proach'd

Th' attentive *King*, and thus began, — *My Lord!*

The faithful *Ogdar*, who, e'er morning light,

Deliver'd this fair *Princess* from her bonds,

Is now no more; all cover'd o'er with blood

He dy'd in battle, like a *Hero* dy'd,

And, with his latest *Breath*, rejoyc'd that *Fate*

O'ertook him in the *Field*, and while he fought

For *Heav'n* and *you*: with him his valiant *Friends*

Lye breathless on the *Ground*, and I alone

Was spar'd; was spar'd, amid the rage of war,

To

To bid *Defiance* to your *Pow'r*, and threat
 A bloody *Vengeance* o'er you^r forfeit *Realm*,
 And all the violence of *Arms*; --- Unless ---
 Unless you will restore the captive *Maid*
 Before to morrow's *Dawn*, and purchase *Peace*
 On such disgraceful *Terms*. This said he ceas'd,
 And *Zeuma*, thunder-struck at such a dire
 Reverse of *Fate*, stood like a *Statue* pale,
 And motionless — His *Eyes* forgot to roll,
 His heart to beat; the nuptial *Garland* dropt
 Unheeded to the ground, and, thro' his *Veins*,
 Chill *Horror* roll'd it's icy *Tides*: while sad
Zirene hung her drooping *Head*, like *Flow'rs*,
 Rude-shaken in a wint'ry *Gale*; *Despair*
 Sat musing on her *Brow*, and silent *Grief*
 Hung heavy on her *Soul*; short *Tremblings* shook

Her limbs, and, down her livid cheek, the

Tears

Fell frequent, and betray'd the anguish of

Her *Thought* : around mute *Wonder* seiz'd the

Crowd,

And, gazing on the luckless *Pair*, they stood

Companions in their *Woe* ; a gale of *Sighs*

At once ascended thro' the *Dome*, at once

A peal of *Groans* remurmur'd from beneath,

For all were griev'd :— So highly they esteem'd

Their *King*, so much a *Monarch* may command

His *Peoples Hearts* by deeds of *Amity*

And *Love*— At length, recov'ring from a *Wild*

Of sad reflections, the unhappy *Prince*

Thus plain'd aloud — O *Ogdar* ! O my *Friend* !

How fatal has thy fond *Affection* prov'd

To

To *thee* and *us* ! Deform'd with ghastly *Wounds*
 Thy dear *Remains*, deny'd the funeral *Rite*,
 Must press the sanguin *Field*, thy flitting *Soul*,
 Without one last *Adieu*, is forc'd away
 To other *Worlds* uncertain, and unknown;
 Nor thine alone, a *Thousand* more are fled,
 Are fled for *me* ; for *me*, whom *Heav'n* design'd
 Their *Guard* ; O mournful *Tale* ! imprudent
Friend !

To risque such gallant lives for *me* : But ah !
 'Tis past, 'tis past, and sorrow *flows* in vain.

Enough, my *People* ! has *Destruction* rag'd,
 Enough have *Arms*, and *Violence* laid waste
 Our mournful *Fields* ; the wish'd occasion's
 come

To cease their *Outrage*, and restore the joys

Of *Peace*, once more your *own*: My *Life*, my
Soul,

My lov'd *Zirene* will remove your *Woes*,
 And be the *Victim* of so blest'd a *Change*;
 With *us* will save her hoary *Father's Age*
 From like *Misfortunes*, and her native *Land*
 From *Misery* and *War*; I know her *Heart*
 Too virtuous to refuse so just, so brave
 A *Sacrifice*, and too resolv'd to shrink
 From so severe a *Trial*, tho' one scene
 Of endless *Sorrow* cloud her future days.

'Tis true my *Happiness* has long been fix'd
 On *her*, and *her* alone; in her dear *Arms*
 I'd center'd all my joys to come, and, when
 I loose *her* --- *Death* and *Darkness* are behind.
 But shall a *King* neglect the *Publick good*,

M

Committed

Committed to his *Charge*, to serve his *own*?
 Forbid it *Heav'n*, and all ye juster *Pow'rs*!
 Ah! sooner would I groan beneath the whole
Enormous weight of human *Ill*, as now
 Must be my *Fate*, nor murmur at the *Load*.

You see, my lovely, my afflicted *Fair*,
 To what extreams of *Sorrow* we're reduc'd,
 And what's the *Duty* of a *King*—Alas!
 She faints—she dies—the *Queen of Beauty* dies.—
 Ye *holy Men* assist her with your *Care*,
 Recal her parting *Soul*, that she may live
 Again, and bless th' applauding *World* with
Peace—

For me, I'm lost in *Passion*, and one *Touch*,
 Of that enchanting *Form*, would fire my *Heart*
 With a restless *Flame*; — ev'n while I gaze

I feel my *Virtue* melt before her *Charms*,
 And pow'rful *Love* resume it's wonted rule: --
 But see! the breaths! the lives! and, like the dawn
 Of *Light* returning o'er the *World*, her *Eyes*
 Regain their usual *Rays*; but -- lost to me
 They shine! -- My *Life* must be one constant
Round
 Of *Night*, and *Horror*, till the hand of *Death*
 Shall lead me to the *Grave* -- Oh! had we been
 The meanest *Subjects* that revere a *Crown*,
 We had been *Happy*; now -- Choak'd with the
 grief,
 Which he had long controul'd, he could no more,
 But, sinking on the *Earth*, indulg'd his *Tears*,
 And gave a loose to all the Anguish of his soul.

Struck to the *Heart*, with such a scene of woe,
 From eye, to eye the soft *Infection* ran
 Thro' all the *Crowd*, and one continu'd stream
 Of *Sorrow* sadden'd ev'ry *Face*. At length,
 When the decreasing torrent ebb'd away,
 And *Nature* was reliev'd, brave *Ogdar's* fire
 Up rose amid the mourning *Tribes*, not like
 A tender *Father* weeping o'er his *Son*,
 But like a *Heroe* whose undaunted soul
 Disdain'd the utmost rage of *Fate*; and thus
 Began—"The tears you've shed, illustrious *Prince*,
 " For happy *Ogdar's* fate, in full reward
 " The greatest services of *Life*; and since
 " He fell so bravely, for so good a *King*,
 " I glory in his end; 'twas *Duty* well
 " Perform'd, and what will gild his future *Name*

" With *Honour*, while the *World* endures—But

" shall

" A *brave Man* dye in vain b' so fair a *Form*!

" So pure a *Soul* as this lov'd *Princess* boasts,

" Be prostituted thus to fordid slaves,

" Whose *Love* is *Lust*, whose *God* is *Gold*, and who

" Pursue *Mankind* with all the rage of *Hell*:

" Ah no! good *Heav'n* forbid, and all the

" *Pow'r*

" Above. If you, in justice to your *Charge*,

" The *Guard* of *Nations*, sacrifice the *Ease*,

" And *Pleasure* of your *Days*; can we, who reap

" Such *Blessings* by your *Reign*, can we behold

" You languish in your *Bloom*, and not prevent

" The fatal *Malady*, or prove our *selves*

" Well-worthy of a *Monarch* so divine?

" No

" No sure; the Gods, in honour to your rule,
 " With kindred virtues have endow'd our Souls;
 " And 'tis for us to justify our Rights
 " By war, and guard our *Herds* to the *Field*...
 " Then be again your *Self*, and let the *Sword*
 " Defend what *Arms* would force away; made
 " *yours*
 " By *Right*, by *Conquest*, and eternal *Vows*.
 " Nor are we yet undone; another pause
 " Our *Fate* allows; and shall we loose by *Peace*,
 " Ignobly bought, that *Liberty* which *War*
 " And *Battle* may secure, the *Joy* of *Life*!
 " And *Idol* of the brave? mourn we the *Slain*
 " Of this unhappy *Morn*? my *dearest Son*,
 " Still bleeding, lies the *foremost* of the *Heap*;
 " Yet

" Yet, should these Eyes, with one small Drop,

" *Lament* move 'th' first or b' violent nigA

" His glorious Fate, I'd tear them from their Orbs

" And view the face of Heav'n no more. Then

" rouse,

" My Sovereign, from this fullen Trance, and

" lead

" Us on, secure of Conquest, and Revenge:

Shakespeare

" The Ghosts of slaughter'd Armies point the

" way,

" And shout around us for Revenge; the Gods

" Themselves invite us to th' expecting Field,

" And thunder from the Skies, Revenge,

Revenge."

He said, and, with immediate sound, Revenge,

Revenge, ran echoing thro' the Dome, nor ceas'd

AMUS

The

The hideous *Murmur* 'till the *King* arose,
 Again resolv'd to trust th' event of *War* ;
 And fair *Zirene*, by the nuptial *Rite*,
 Was giv'n for ever to his longing *Arms*.



ZEUM:



Z E U M A :

OR THE

LOVE of LIBERTY.

Book the Third.

THE happy Bridegroom, whom Good
Fortune courts

With all her tempting Charms, transported hails
Th' enchanting Moments as they glide along.

N

Full-

Full-fraught with *Bliss* distilling gently down,
 And gladd'ning ev'ry *Heart* : he speaks, and hark!
 The voice of *Joy* resounds, *Musick* awakes
 At his command, and captivating strains,
 In various change, succeed, ev'n 'till the *Soul*
 Grows sick of *Pleasure* : see ! the sparkling *Bride*,
 Adorn'd with all the elegance of *Dress*,
 Appears, and into sudden *Passion* charms
 The gazing *Guest* ; her conscious *Eyes* betray
 The pleasure of her *Heart*, and ev'ry glance
 Is soften'd into *Love* : like *Graces* round
 The *Cyprian Queen*, a croud of lovely *Nymphs*
 Attend, and, with incessant smiles, approve
 The gladsome *Hour* ; the flowing *Bowl* goes
 round,
 By *Laughter* follow'd, and enliv'ning *Mirth* ;

While

While frolick *Dance*, with unperceiv'd decay,
Wears out the *Darkness*, and approaching *Morn*
Seems, with untimely rays, to gild the *World*.

How diff'rent *this* from the perplexing *Scenes*
That sadden'd *Zeuma's* matrimonial *Rite*,
And damp'd the bridal *Day*? The loud acclaim
Of shouting *Nations*, when the nuptial *Vow*
Was witness'd to the *Skies*, prov'd but a start,
A sudden transport of imperfect *Joy*,
That dy'd upon the *Ear* as soon as born:
No costly robes, or starry gems adorn'd
The pensive *Fair*; no diadem of gold,
Or glowing purple grac'd the thoughtful *King*;
No courtly *Train* attended to divert
The tedious *Day*, no artful *Musick* led
The lingring *Night* along; no flowing bowl

Provok'd to frantick *Mirth*, nor frolick dance
 Made gay the *spousal Eve*: but all was hush'd,
 And silent as the hour of *Death*, or when
 The mid-night *Priest*, in dark and lonely *Vaults*,
 Repeats the fun'ral *Dirge*; ev'n *Vesper* hid
 His lustrous orb in gloomy clouds, and, o'er
 The shaded *World*, unusual *Darkness* hung;
 Perch'd on the self-flain *Lover's tomb*,
 The solitary *Owl*, with hideous note,
 Scream'd out the *marriage song*, and roaming round
 The regal *Pile*, the *Dæmon*, that attends
 Ill-fated *Weddings*, terrify'd the *Gloom*
 With frequent *Wailings*, and inspir'd the *Wretch*,
 Who trembling heard the sound with *Phrenzy*. Day
 Arose, with fullen, wat'ry clouds obscur'd;
 A misty *Rain*, descending flow, bedew'd

The dreary *Landscape*, with continual *Tears* ;
 Each scented *Herb*, each op'ning *Flow'r* declin'd
 It's drooping *Head*, and languish'd on the *Green* ;
 The nodding *Forests*, murmur'ing to the *Gale*,
 Sigh'd plaintive of *Distress* ; the *Mountain's* brow,
 Involv'd with thick'ning vapours, mourn'd ; the
 Rock,
 Projecting o'er the *Deep*, pour'd down a stream
 Of *Sorrow*, sadd'ning all around : no sound
 Of wood-land *Musick* echo'd thro' the *Grove*,
 Nor chearful *Rustick* hail'd the welcome *Morn*,
 With rural *Melody* ; no glimpses of *Joy*
 Appear'd thro' all the wide extended face
 Of things ; but all the vast of *Nature* seem'd
 Portentous of approaching *Change*, and lay
 In dreadful expectation of th' event.

To such a scene afflicted *Zeuma* rose,
 From *Hymen's* spotless joys, when racking
 Thought,
 And kingly *Duty* rouz'd him to his *Care* ;
 With stern command expell'd him from the arms
 Of lov'd *Zirene*, and deny'd his *Soul*
 The only pleasure it could know: *Slave* to
 The publick *Good*, he gave the anxious hours
 To *Business* and the *State* ; nor once repin'd
 At the increasing *Tail* : when, full of *Woe*,
 Whole *Crowds* appear'd complaining of their
 Wrongs,
 And the dire fury of the *Spanish Arms* ;
 With *Grief* he heard the sad relation, dry'd
 The *Mourners* tears, reliev'd the *Needy*, chear'd
 The broken *Heart*, and cur'd the *Soldiers* wounds ;

No *Soul* e'er went dissatisfied away:
 Their real *Father* he appear'd, and was
 Belov'd with greater *Warmth*. 'Twas such was
 his
Employ, when, breathless with his *Speed*, arriv'd
 A trusty *Scout*, who brought the dread account
 Of dire *Almagro's* march, with all his *Strength*,
 To force *Zirena* from her *Lord's* embrace,
 And seize upon his *Throne*; with haggard *Eyes*,
 And fault'ring *Tongue* he told the hideous *Tale*;
 Describ'd their *Numbers*, their *Array*, and all
 The various *Woes* that waited on their *Deeds*.
 But now, so oft the flaming *Town*, the *Glebe*
 Laid waste, the labour of the *Tear* destroy'd,
 The weeping *Sire*, and ravish'd *Dame* had vex'd
 The mourning *Tribes*, that all *Surprize* was lost,
 And

And solitary *Grief* alone remain'd to
 Wail the increas'ing *Ruin*: *Zeuma* heard,
 With inward *Anguish*, the ungrateful *News*;
 Yet, full of *Courage* and heroick *Warmth*,
 Forgot not to assume his wonted *Care*,
 And give due orders for the *Field*. Beneath
Comagua's walls his *Army* was encamp'd,
 And ev'ry hour increas'd: their *Monarch's* fame
 In arms, the *Love* of *Liberty*, inspir'd
 Their eager *Souls* with noble *Zeal* to fight,
 Or dye with *him*: soon as his *Plume* appear'd
 On the remotest *Line*, a thund'ring *Shout*,
 From all the legions, shook the *Clouds*, and *Joy*,
 And *Gladness* dawn'd on ev'ry *Face*; thro' all
 The ranks of *War*, with never-ceasing toil,
 He march'd, greatly serene, t' observe if ought

Was wanting for th' ensuing *Fray*, to cheer
 The drooping *Soul*, commend the *Brave*, and give
 The *Doubtful* ardour like his *own*: This done,
 (And night arising fable o'er the world)
 Fatigu'd with *Care*, and longing to indulge
 His tend'rest thoughts, to sad *Zirene's* arms,
 And soft endearments, pensive he retir'd;
She, who had treasur'd all her joys in *him*,
 And doated on his *Name*, who fondly thought
 His *Stay* too tedious, too unkindly long,
 And, ever list'ning to each passing step,
 Each distant sound, ev'n dy'd for his *Approach*;
She flew to his *Embrace*, and with her sweet,
 Her ravishing *Discourse*, reliev'd his woes,
 And, for a moment, banish'd all his cares:
 But soon, with aggravated pain, they rise,

Anew, and sting him to the *Soul*; the thought
 Of war's uncertain *Chance*, what various ills
 The *Vanquish'd* suffer, and *Zirene's* fate,
 His lost *Zirene*, dearer far than *Life*
 Or *Empire*, with deep anguish fill'd his *Heart*
 And sadden'd all his joys; the *Fair* attends,
 With equal agonies, each changing woe
 That clouded o'er his face, to ev'ry groan
 Her passion answer'd, and, with streaming eyes,
 The moments wept away; 'till *Nature* claim'd
 Repose, and *Slumber* seal'd each wat'ry source,
 And dry'd the pearly dew. Now, unobserv'd,
 And left at liberty to mourn, the *King*
 Gave way to sorrow, leaning o'er his *Love*,
 With tenderness beyond expression, gaz'd
 O'er all her *Form*, and, with fast-flowing *Tears*,
 Impear'd

Impearl'd her rosy cheek: Ye *Pow'rs* he cry'd,
 Must all this *Beauty*, all this heav'n of charms
 Become the prey of *Cruelty*, and *Lust*?
 Must this fair frame be torn, by brutal *Force*,
 From helpless *Altars*, and un pitying *Gods*,
 And I unable to revenge the *Wrong*?
 Distracting thought! can *Virtue* then become
 Indiff'rent to the *Skies*? can *Innocence*,
 Like this, be left unheeded to the rage
 Of lawless men? O *Death*! O friendly *Death*!
 Be thou the comfort of my broken *Heart*,
 And let me think no more --- This said, again,
 In silence, he bewail'd the sleeping *Fair*;
 'Till, by conflicting passions torn beyond
 His *Strength*, lone, thro' the mid-night gloom,
 he stray'd

To sooth his troubled thought, and seek relief
 In calm reflections on the will of *Fate*,
 And justice of the *Gods*: 'Twas thro' the dark,
 And awful shadows of a gloomy *Wood*
 Made sacred to the *Heav'nly Pow'rs*, he roam'd
 In expectation of the dawn; when, by
 The dim, uncertain glimm'ring of the *Moon*,
 He spy'd the aged *Hermit* that had giv'n
 Such wond'rous prospects of the *War*, e'er yet
 The din of arms was heard; who, bowing low,
 Began — Gladly my soul, illustrious prince!
 Acclaims your *Virtue*, and, with pleasure, views
 The wonders of your *Reign*: 'twas bravely done
 To lose the *Lover* in the *King*, and yield
Zircne's charms the sacrifice of *Peace*;
 And 'twas as brave to re-commence the *War*

With

With *Zeal* and *Vigour* when the *publick Voice*,
 And *publick Good* requir'd; for know, in vain
 Ev'n lov'd *Zirene's* charms had been resign'd
 T' abate the *Victor's* rage, and you had mourn'd
 Th' increasing sorrow of your *Tribes*; since
Fraud
 And ignominious *Arts*, with secret lure,
 Had sooth'd you into *Ruin*, and the force
 Of arms too late endeavour'd a *Reprieve*:
 The future *Age*, forgetful of your great,
 Your noble ardour in your *country's Cause*,
 Had tarnish'd all your *Fame*, and grav'd *Disgrace*
 Upon your *Tomb*; and could your gen'rous *Soul*
 Have e'er endur'd so horrible a thought,
 Without the utmost *Pangs* of dire *Remorse*,
 And *Penitence* severe? I know *Disdain*

Inspires

Inspires your noble *Heart* with rage, and that
 This instant now, despising *Death*, it pants,
 With double ardour, to begin the *Fight*,
 And, in the foremost ranks of *War*, dispute
 The justice of your *Cause*—But great, and long
 Have been your *Woes*, your *Life* one constant
 scene
 Of *Virtue*, *Truth*, and *Love*: *Zirene* too
 Is all perfection, yet her tender soul
 Is tortur'd with *Variety* of *Ill*:
 And shall you dye complaining that the *Gods*
 Neglect their *Vol'ries* here below, and *Vice*
 Alone enjoys their guardian *Care*? no, e'er
 The crimson *Dawn* lead on th' expected *Day*,
 The mystick *Maze* shall be reveal'd, and you
 Confess their *Deeds* are *Just*... Far in the deep

Dire *Centre* of the hollow *Globe*, there flames
 A burning *Ocean*, with eternal rage,
 And fires the baleful shores around; oft, rous'd
 To tenfold fury, threatens the gloomy arch
 Above, and rocks the frighted *World*; while
Floods
 Of boiling *Sulphur*, working wide, ascend
 Thro' ev'ry winding *Cave*, and, roaring loud,
 Affail the thund'ring *Hill*, where *Earth-quakes* first
 Are form'd, and *Ruin* broods, then, bursting o'er
 It's rugged brow, with horrible descent,
 And dread *Eruption*, roll resistless down,
 And, waste, with strange destruction, all the *Plains*
 Below. This is the sad *Abode* that waits
 The impious *Man*, and such the hideous
Path

The shudd'ring *Soul* must tread. When *Vice* prevail'd

Among the *First* of human *Race*, the *Gods*
 Uprear'd these flaming *Mountains*, o'er the
Earth,

To warn the guilty *Wretch* and fright the stern
 Relentless *Tyrant* into *Virtue*; nor

Uprear'd alone, but, when whole *Nations* lye
 Immers'd in sinful *Joys*, let loose the *Blaze*,
 Awaken all it's *Rage*, and give th' alarm

Of *Fate*; yet, obstinate in low pursuits,
 They dance along the flow'ry road, 'till *Death*
 Concludes the *Scene*, when waiting *Furies* sieze

The spotted *Ghost*, self conscious of the *Fires*
 That must torment *it* for a length of years,
 And sink together down — While *Virtue's* sons,

Who

Who rul'd their *Passions* with a steady hand,
 And, thro' her influence, bore the ills of *Life*
 Constant as *Fate*, and silent as the *Grave*;
 While they, with calm, entire submission, wait
 Their future *Doom* unanxious for the Time:
 For such as these the *Heav'nly Pow'rs* prepar'd
 A scene of *Glory*, where, unvex'd with *Cares*,
 And anxious *Thought*, they might serenely breath
 Immortal *Joy*, and *Pleasure* without end.
 Behold yon lustrous *Orb*, that rules the *Night*
 And silvers o'er the *World*; 'tis there, 'tis there
 We shall reside in *Happiness* supream,
 The cares, the ills, the sorrows of this *Life*,
 This painful *Life*, in *Bliss* for ever drown'd.
 — Fir'd with the glorious thought, my rap-
 tur'd soul

Shoots Forward on her airy *Way*, and longs
 To hold sublime communion with the *Dead*.
 Hark! thro' the silent shade, thy *Father's Ghost*
 Invites us to approach the happy *Fields*,
 And deigns a *Prospect* of the future *World*.
 Then, with collected courage, arm thy mind
 To view the wond'rous *Scene*, lest *Madness*
 rush
 On thy tormented *Brain* at the dire gloom,
 And fearful horrors of the realms of *Death*,
 And drive thee raving o'er th' astonish'd *Globe*.

— He said; and, turning swiftly round, began
 His solemn *Charms*; when sudden darkness veil'd
 The starry *Skies*, and hollow murm'ring gales
 Sung dreadful in the trees; red *Meteors* flash'd
 Along the troubled *Air*; and, from beneath,

Loud

Loud, in-bred thunders shook the stedfast *Earth*;
 Unnumbered *Ghosts*, all pale with hostile wounds,
 Stalk'd o'er the *Green*, and fill'd the night's dark
 gloom
 With ghastly terror and distracting groans:
 Silence succeeds, vanish the *Ghosts* away,
 And *Earth* no longer shakes; the lab'ring *Clouds*
 Unveil the *Heav'ns*, and, in their stony caves,
 The slumb'ring *Winds* their weary pinions rest.
 Then *Sleep's* still influence seiz'd the
 drowzy *King*,
 And down he sunk unable to resist
 The pressing weight of the prevailing *God*:
 But *Inspiration* wak'd his inward pow'rs,
 And rous'd light *Fancy*, in her thousand forms,
 To strike the wondrous *Vision* on the mind.

First his great *Father's* shade, with glory
 crown'd,
 Descends, and, thro' the fluid realms of *Air*,
 Bears the young *Monarch*, swift as *Tempests* fly
 When the grim *Ruler* of the raging winds,
 Drives down their fury o'er th' *Atlantick Seas*,
 And, in a moment, to the farthest verge
 Of the vex'd *Ocean*, heaps the roaring waves.

The chrystal *Gates* of *Cynthia's* silver orb
 Unfold, and, up the portals bright ascent,
 The rev'rend *Guardian* leads his earthly *Charge*
 Entranc'd in raptures ; when the glorious scene,
 To his attentive view, unveil'd it's charms:
 For there soft *Pleasures*, in eternal rounds,
 For ever circle with an easy wing ;
 All that the realms of either *India* boast,

Or *Africk's*, regions, or *Europa's* lands,
 By turns, delight the happy tribes, and more,
 Ten thousand more, than man's *Experience*
 knows,
 Or *Fancy* forms, maintain eternal rule,
 And bless th' *Immortals* with continual joy.

* *Musick*, thro' ev'ry shade sweet-warbling,
 breathes
 Soft gladness on the *Soul*; the dulcet *Voice*
 Attempers the respondent *Lyre*, the *Lyre*
 Attunes the vocal *Breeze*, the vocal *Breeze*,
 Low-whisp'ring thro' the tuneful boughs, invokes
 The falling *Wave*, the falling *Wave*, with
 hoarse,

* Vide *Spencer's* Bow'r of Bliss.

Loud

Loud murmur breaking, solemn, on the shore,
 Deepens the *Harmony* with graver sound;
 Now, intermission of the *Wave, Wind, Lyre,*
 Or *Voice*, varies the *Pleasure*; now, renew'd
 In general *Chorus*, all at once conspire
 To swell the gen'ral *Concert*, and compleat the
 mild *Charm*.

—Eternal *Verdure* chears the glad some green,
 And od'rous flow'rs, for ever blooming, waft
 Unfading sweets, and fume the wanton gale:
 From the slope *Hills*, descend the trickling
 streams,
 And, thro' the fruitful vales, o'er sands of *Gold*,
 In gentle currents, smoothly roll along;
 The *Mountain's* brow with tufted woods is
 crown'd,

((LIII))

With sparkling *Gems* the silent grots emblaz'd,
And luscious *Plenty* gladdens ev'ry field;
No wint'ry *Snows*, or summer *Suns* in soft
The blisful *Climes*, nor *War's* destructive rage
Lays waste the regions, and deforms the plain;
But heav'n-born *Love*, and everlasting *Spring*
Dance hand in hand, and lead the smiling *Hours*
All gay with newborn *Happiness* and *Joy*
Thro' spicy forests, and thro' flow'ry fields,
The sweet abode of *Souls* for ever blest;
The princely *Ghost* his raptur'd offspring led
To that sublime *Retreat*, where *Patriot* shades,
In matchless pleasures, and supremest delights,
Enjoy the great *Reward* their *Virtues* earn'd,
With long fatigue, and endless toils, below;
There pointed, to his view, th' illustrious *Chiefs*,
Who,

Who, scorning *Bribes*, and all the baits of *Sense*,
 Trod, with undaunted soul, the paths of *Death*,
 When *Freedom* claim'd the *Sword*, and *Honour*
 call'd to *Arms*.

* *Zymron*, the best, and bravest of mankind,
 Tow'rs with superiour glory, and presides
 Amidst the noblest *Heroes* of the *Globe*;
 Dread less he looks, as when his rightful arms
 O'ercome the *Tyrants* of an hundred *Realms*,
 And made that bold attempt to free the western
World.

His mighty *Ancestor*, of deathless *Name*,
 The next in order treads the social green,
 Round his distinguish'd head bright *Virtue* ties

* *Kings* of *America* famous for valour and virtue.

The *Lawrel Wreath*, and glories in his deeds;
Nations, preserv'd by his indulgent care,
 Shout his applause, and *Fame's* eternal *Trump*,
 Fill'd with his praises, shakes the *Tyrant's* throne.

Alascar, chief of *Montezuma's* line,
 Stands at his side, severe his awful bow,
 As when, impartial to his *country's* *Laws*,
 He doom'd his *Sons* to ignominious *Death*,
 And, in the *Patriot's* zeal, restrain'd the
Parent's tears.

The brave *Atalgab*, stedfast as the *Earth*
 Pois'd on it self, and glorious as the *Sun*
 In it's meridian height, transported hears
 The wonders of his toilsome march rehears'd
 With loud acclaim, when, scorching in the *Heat*,
 He patient bore the raging pangs of *Thirst*,

Q

'Till

'Till the last fainting *Soldier* was refresh'd
 With frequent draughts from the enliv'ning
Spring.

See! fair *Amrena*, with majestick *Front*,
 And *Eye* sublime, among the *Mightiest* stand,
 Fond of the liquid *Death*, which freed her *Soul*
 From the proud insults of the *Victor's* rage;
 Surrounding *Chiefs* admire th' heroick deed,
 And hail her dauntless *Mind* which dar'd to
 lead

An *Host* to *War*, and, by the dint of *Sword*,
 Restore lost *Freedom* to her mourning *Realm*.

A thousand more, the champions of the world!
 Dwell here encircled with superiour *Bliss*,
 And dream of dangers, and of toil no more.

Virtue (began the *kingly Shade*) at length,
 You see, rewards the troubles of her *Sons* ;
 In these delightful haunts she reigns on high,
 And pours down *Pleasures*, with profusive hand,
 Grateful as evening showers to sun-burnt fields,
 Or pearly dew-drops in the morning ray.
 — Happy the *Prince* who, with incessant toil,
 Defends his *People*, and, to *Freedom's* cause,
 Devotes his *Strength*, his *Honour*, and his *Life* ;
 For he, when *Death* dissolves his mortal frame,
 Shall hither rise, and breath immortal joy :
 But if, with careless, or tyrannick rule
 He draws down sorrows on his suff'ring realm ,
 A dire revenge must seize his guilty *Soul*,
 And flaming tortures wait upon his crimes :
 For *Kings* were destin'd, by divine decree,

To stand the stedfast *Guardians* of mankind,
To prop the sinking *State*, and, in the front
Of danger, combat for the *publick Good* :
Beside, should *Monarchs* slumber o'er their *Charge*,
Or, lull'd in golden dreams, forget their care,
What *Guard!* what *Safety* can the nations find
From home-bred *Factions*, and invading *Foes!*
Or, when resolv'd to seize unbounded sway,
They spoil the *Subject* of his dearest *Right*,
What dreadful woes must take their turns to
reign!

What scenes of *Horror* must deform the land!

// — But now, descending to the *Seats* of woe,
And vengful torments, where the sons of *Men*
Are rack'd for all th' enormities of *Life*,

We for a while must leave these happy plains.

He said ; and, plunging from the argent *World*,
Sails on the *Winds*, and bears his *Son* along :

At last upon an huge *Volcano*'s brink,
With clouds of gloomy smoke involv'd, they
stoop,

And sink immediate down the vast *Profound*;

Nor stay'd 'till (thro' unnumber'd caverns past,

Th' abodes of *Fear*, of *Horror* and *Despair*).

They reach'd the dreadful dungeons of the
Great.

Where bound in adamantine chains, they lye

On beds of raging *Fire*, and no hope

Of comfort, or a kind reprieve from pain ;

From pain, which, ev'ry hour increasing, gives

A keener twinge ; while fiercer flames prepare

Their

Their eager vengeance, and exert their rage;
 While round, the sad companions of their crimes,
 Condemn'd to endless woe, attend their *Lords*,
 And aid the furies, and increase the fires.

* Here haughty *Nimroc*, plung'd in burning
Lakes,

And deeply drench'd beneath the sulph'rous
 wave,

No longer grasps at universal rule,
 Or wastes the *Nations* with destructive arms;
 But, inly tortur'd with incessant pangs,
 Reflects with horror on his impious schemes.

Fix'd in a ruddy car of burning *Steel*,
 With fullen sadness, proud *Guascara* mourns

* *Indian* tyrants.

His fond ambition to be thought a God,
 While, o'er the scorching foil, he's dragg'd along,
 And scornful *Dæmons* aggravate his woe,
 With pageant grandeur, and disdainful state.

* *Flaxcalla's* vaunt, great *Zagnar's* martial son,
 Extended on the rack, no more complains
 That *Realms* are wanting to employ his *Sword*;
 But, circled with innumerable *Ghosts*,
 Who print their keenest vengeance on his soul,
 For all the wrongs, and slaughters of his *Reign*,
 Howls out repentance to the deafned skies,
 And shakes *Hell's* concave with continual
 groans.

Ten thousand thousand more whom *Fame*,
 records

* A province bordering on *Mexico*.

As

As the dread *Tyrants* of the tortur'd globe,
 Midst the dire rigours of surrounding flames,
 Clank their huge fetters, and, with ceaseless yell,
 Bewail the frantick fury of their *Lives*,
 Which forc'd down all the vengeance of the
Gods.

This dreadful scene survey'd, again the *Ghost*
 Broke the long silence, and his lore renew'd :
 These, these are they, the execrable souls
 Who vaunted heav'nly birth, yet scorning *Truth*,
 And *Virtue's* sacred laws, acted worse deeds
 Than all th' *Infernals* could inspire ; the worst,
 The basest of the sons of men, whose joy
 Was *Murder*, whose delight was *Death*, who
 thought

Mankind was destin'd only to adore.

Their

Their tranſient glories, live upon their breath;
 Who laugh'd at *Juſtice*, trampled on the *Laws*,
 And gave whole *Armies* to the rage of war;
 In ſhort, the *Flatt'rer's* Theme, the *Villain's*
 prey,
 Alive abhor'd by *all*, and curs'd by *all* when dead.

O let thy *Soul* avoid the downward path
 Which leads to theſe dark realms; let not the rage
 Of dire *Ambition*, or the lure of *Sloth*
 Tarniſh thine honour, or defame thy rule;
 But let thy *Country's* weal, thy *People's* love
 Gild all the actions of thy *Life*, for theſe
 Will give a long, ſincere, and laſting joy,
 Shed on thy future name eternal ſweets,
 And waſt thy tow'ring ſoul, with gladſome wing,
 To endless pleaſures in the *Worlds* above;

R

While

While trembling *Tyrants* start at ev'ry shade,
 Mistrust their *Friends*, and dread the *hostile Dart*;
 While *Guilt*, and *Shame* commemorate their deeds
 And, in these fiery *Lakes*, their tainted souls
 Shall groan whole ages unrepriev'd away.

Lastly, let *Freedom* animate thy thought,
 And rouse thy utmost vigour in it's cause;
 Disdain to live, when *Fate* inflaves thy realm,
 And binds in servile chains the mourning tribes;
 'Tis glorious for a *King* to fall beneath
 An host of foes, when fighting for his *Charge*;
 And he who, struggling in the fields of death,
 Oppos'd his juster arms, shall mourn the deed,
 And give his wounded *Coarse* a friendly grave
 With endless praise adorn'd, with tears bedew'd.
 — He ceas'd, returning thro' the dreadful gloom,

And,

And, swift as light'ning, hurl'd by *Jove's* red arm
 Along the skies, from the dire mountain, bears
 His dreadful *Offspring* to the secret shade,
 In which the *Hermit* waited to reverse
 The *Charm*, and urge the *Hero* to the field.
 For now th' expected dawn, ascending flow,
 Purpled the *East*, and faintly streak'd the skies
 With the first glimm' rings of returning light.

Deep-musing from his *Trance* the thoughtful
King

Arose; when thus the *Sage*, Now *Zeuma*, see
 Th' indulgence of the *Gods*, and own their care,
 For ever mindful of the *Brave*, and *Good*,
 And studious of their welfare: *Thrice* I've come,
 Commission'd from above, to warn thee of
Approaching Ill, to fix thy wav'ring soul

On *Virtue*, and relieve thy cares with scenes
 Of *Happiness* and *Joy*; my *Time*'s expir'd,
 And I resign thee to the *War*; be strong,
 Be stedfast, nor indulge thy doating heart
 In anxious doubts for thy *Zirene's Fate*,
 For I will be her *Guard*, 'till *friendly Death*
 Shall join her longing *Shade*, with thine. He said,
 And, wond'rous to relate! his feeble eyes
 Began to brighten like *Aurora's* beam;
 His wrinkles vanish'd, and a rosy bloom
 Dawn'd blushing o'er his cheek; his silver hairs,
 To amber ringlets chang'd, flow'd graceful down
 His iv'ry neck, and, from his shoulders, spread
 Two sail-broad pinions, gay with every dye
 That paints the show'ry *Arch*; a golden wreath
 Of beaming light, like *Phosphor's* circlet, stream'd
 Around

Around his head, and lighten'd all the shade:
 With joy the *Monarch* hail'd his *guardian Pow'r*
 Reveal'd, and, with attentive eye, pursu'd
 His airy *Progress* thro' th' ethereal *Void*.

Now, ev'ry moment loud'ning by degrees,
 The dreadful musick of the field began
 Th' alarm of *Battle*; and, with sprightly note
 Wak'ning the *Morn*, resounded to the skies,
 And rous'd the hostile squadrons to the fray;
 In troops they throng on either side, and form
 The long-connected ranks of *War*; from line
 To line the busy *Captains* hast along,
 And teach the horrid duty of the day:
 A deaf'ning murmur, like the dying roar
 Of *Seas* wide-breaking on the rocky strand,
 From the collected host ascends, and *Death*,
 And

And *Horror*, with increasing joy, o'erlook
 The scene below: a length of shining arms
 Stretches, in thick array, along the field,
 And, widely gleaming to the illumin'd east,
 Reflects the blaze of day, and gilds the plain
 From end to end. So, where the setting *Sun*,
 Against the huge *Metropolis*, extends
 His evening beam, the windows flame with
 streams

Of fluctuating light, and to the verge
 Of the broad landscape shine. Surrounded with
 A crowd of chiefs, majestick *Zeuma* stands
 In the grim front of war, and, full of thought
 Surveys both armies round; *Compassion* melts
 His manly heart for thousands that must fall
 Th' unhappy victims of the day, and tinge

The

The smoaking plains with blood; yet on his
brow

Firm *Resolution* sits sublime, his eye

Darts *Terror* on his foes; confid'rate *Warmth*,

And *Valour*, free from *Pride*, or brutal *Rage*,

Inspire his *Soul*; and, with untroubled thought,

He gives his *deathful Orders* thro' the field.

Mean time *Zirene*, with the dawning light,

Awoke, and, missing from her side her dear,

Unhappy *Lord*, all pale, and trembling rose

Immediate to enquire his *Fate*, and take

One sad farewell, e'er yet the chance of war

Could snatch the transient joy: for this, inspir'd

With all the courage such a love-sick soul

Could know, she left the *Town*, with beating

heart,

And

And hasten'd to the tented field; a train
 Of weeping *Virgins* waited on her steps,
 And shar'd in all her woe; in ev'ry face
 Dread apprehension reign'd of future ill,
 But most in hers, in hers appear'd the marks
 Of agony beyond the reach of words;
 Too big for tears wild sorrow had eclips'd
 Her charms, and clouded ev'ry grace; yet still
 She look'd so fair, so wonderfully fair,
 That the rough *Veteran*, grown old in fight,
 And harden'd in the work of *Death*, with grief,
 With pity ey'd her as she mov'd along,
 And wept who never wept before: from far,
 With piercing eye, she sought her much lov'd
Lord;
 From far he met her eager glance, and ran

To her embrace ; with equal *Warmth* she strain'd
 Him in her arms ; but neither spoke — Excess
 Of passion rest the use of speech, and sighs,
 And broken accents murmur'd out their woe :
 In vain they strove, with mutual eagerness,
 To breathe the sorrows of their souls, and tell
 The fears, the cares, and jealousies of love ;
 The mighty anguish mock'd the fond attempt,
 And, like an heaving earth-quake, labour'd all
 Within — At last th' *Iberian* trumpets gave
 Th' expected sound of war, and, with a shout
 That rent the troubled air, the hostile troops
 Reply — Rouz'd with the noise, the monarch
 Starts
 Awaken'd to his charge ; yet once again
 Renews his sad endearments, and again

To

S

Receives

Receives her close embrace, then sighs—Adieu—
 Adieu she answers, and, with dying eyes,
 Sinks fainting on the ground. So fades, so droops
 The *Sun-enamour'd Flower*, which, all day long,
 Had watch'd his circlet with continual gaze,
 And seem'd to live upon his warmth; so dies,
 When gloomy vapours intercept his beams,
 Or, down the western skies, he rolls again
 And to the night's dark rule resigns the world.

Zirene borne away, dread *Zeuma*, fir'd
 Anew with glory, and his country's cause,
 Gives the dread signal, and, in clouds of dust,
 The mingling hosts engage; dire *Discord* leads
 Them on, and, o'er the dubious battle, soars
 In triumph; here impels the fordid wretch
 With hope of plunder, and desire of gain;

Here, with false honour, fires the frantick soul
 To cruelty, and rage: *Almagro's* heart
 She tortures with ill-fated love, and works
 His brain to *Phrenzy* at *Zirene's* name;
 Mad, with *Despair* and *Jealousy*, he roams
 The combat round, to sooth his luckless flame
 With *Zeuma's* death. But he with caution stood
 Aloof, and, where his routed troops retir'd,
 With timely aid renew'd the charge, 'till sad
Necessity constrain'd him to appear
 Conspicuous in the battle's head, and dare
 The utmost dangers of the day. So, when
 The gath'ring tempest first begins to rage,
 And tofs the foaming deep, the master sits
 Securely on the stern, and gives the helm
 To an inferiour hand; but as the winds

Augment their roar, th' enormous billows swell
 Like mountains to the clouds, and seas, and skies
 Are lost in the increasing gloom ; he guides
 Himself th' endanger'd bark, and thro' the midst
 Of light'nings, winds, and waves, undaunted
 drives

Along. Now *War* and *Fury*, raving fierce,
 Enkindled all their terrors, all their din
 Grew madly loud ; the horrid clank of arms,
 The noise of shouting legions ceaseless rung
 And thunder'd to the skies: *Confusion* storm'd
 Amid the thickest fray, and, raging wide,
 With violence extream o'erturn'd the ranks,
 And scatter'd *Fate* around ; trembles the *Earth*
 Beneath the pond'rous weight of *War*, and
 groans

Afflicted

Afflicted when the *Mighty* fall; while streams
 Of reeking crimson drench the thirsty soil,
 And float along the plain: th' impatient threats
 Of eager *Passion*, the heart-piercing groans
 Of *Agony*, and *Pain*, the frantick yell
 Of shudd'ring *Fear*, the never-ceasing roar
 Of martial enginery, in concert dire,
 Rebellow'd hideous from the neighb'ring hills,
 And echo'd on the breeze: scarce louder rings
 The universal sound of *Ruin*, when
 Dread *Earth-quakes* cleave the shaken soil, when
 towns,
 And mountains to the centre prone descend,
 And *Sorrow* mourns the waste. At length o'er-
 powr'd,
 Distress'd, and broken, *Zcuma's* fainting troops
 Give

Give way ; and dire *Almagro*, grimly pleas'd,
 Collects his squadrons, and, in firm array,
 Pursues th' advantage with unbated warmth,
 And energy of rage : but first, the great,
 The matchless *Hero* of the western world
 Fell in the midst of the encount'ring hosts,
 And liberty with him expir'd : an hill
 Of slain, ennobled in their deaths by him,
 Rose round his *Coarse* ; no single arm could boast
 The honour of his fall, but wounds on wounds,
 Repeated thro' the whole attack, dismiss'd
 His mighty soul to mingle with the gods.

So when the column, which had long sustain'd
 The pond'rous roof of some proud building,
 breaks,

With sudden crash, beneath the load, the pile,

With horrible convulsion, shakes throughout,
The arches tremble, and, in clouds of dust,
With huge destruction, tumble from above,
And heap a pile of ruins all around.

Their *Leader* lost, the fighting few which
yet

Remain'd, disdaining to survive, throng round.

His lov'd remains, and, with collected might,

Like lions struggling in the toils, sustain

The utmost efforts of their conqu'ring foes ;

'Till *Death* gigantick, striding o'er the field,

Fought in their front, and, with resistless
strength,

Stretch'd the thin squadron on the bloody
ground ;

When, tow'ring o'er the heap, he rear'd on high

His

His dreadful banner, and, with barb'rous joy,
Snatch'd the loud trump of fame, and shook
the world

With blasts of horror, and the sound of arms.

F I N I S



The sun sets at night, & the stars shine the day
But the glory of Leuma shall ne'er fade away.

I. H. H.